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Don Herzog
Michel Foucault, Power Broker

Herman Belz
Garry Wills, Communitarian Joker

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

VOL. 14 JULY 1981 NO. 7

Special Issue

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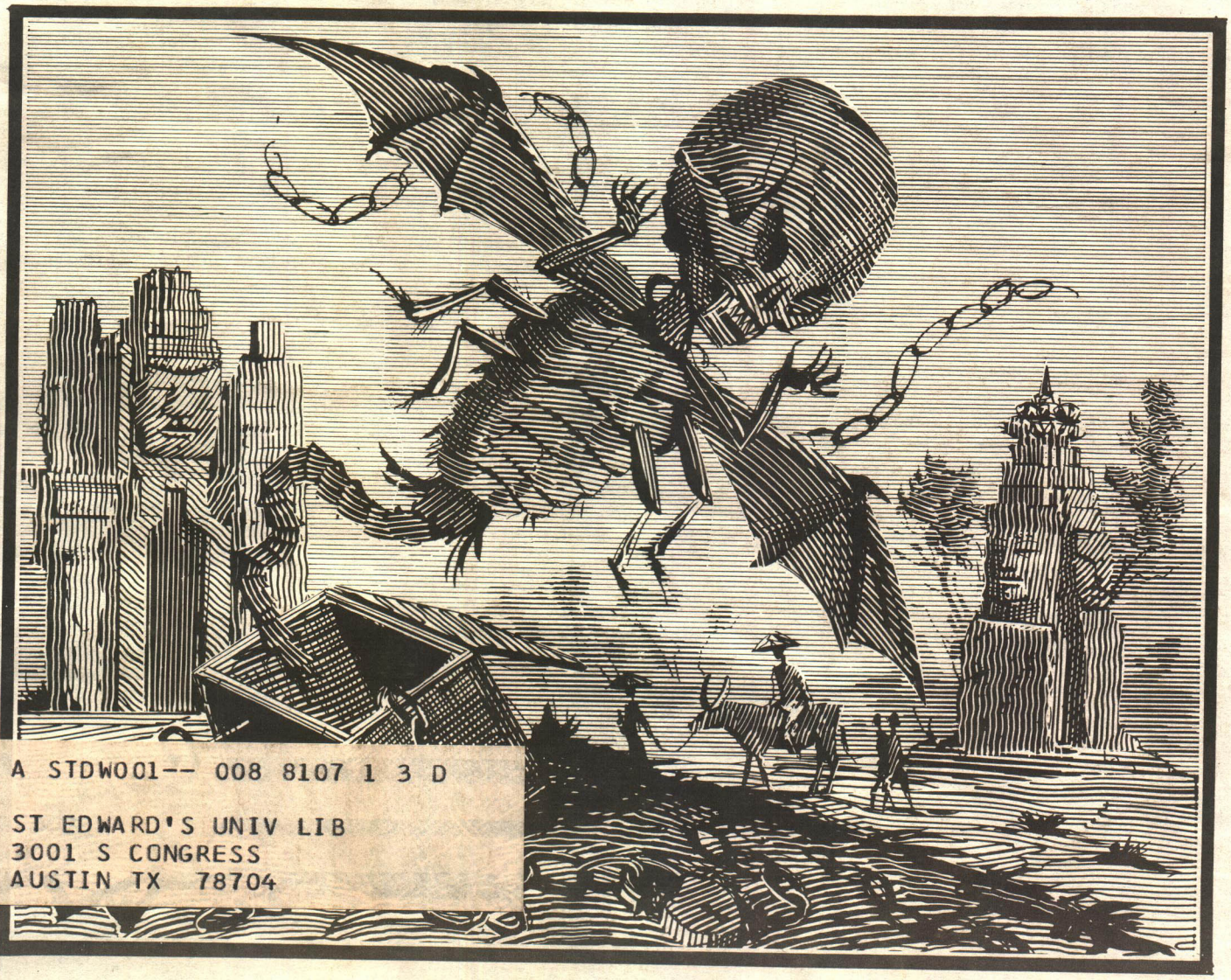
The Main Event:
William Shawcross vs. Peter Rodman

Who Unleashed the Cambodian Horror?



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A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• May through June 4, and a brave battle is being waged in our nation's capital. Such honorable gentlemen as the Speaker of the House, the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and the House Democratic leader are defying our debonair President and fighting nip and tuck against his tax cuts. They like their perks. They like the grateful beam in the lowly Americano's eye when they bestow a little lucre into his outstretched palm. They think he remains ignorant of the fact that the aforementioned lucre belonged to him in the first place.

• If our President has his way we shall all be paying slightly higher taxes next year. If the honorable gentlemen have their way we shall be paying vastly higher taxes. In fact if they have their way they will have windfall tax revenues totalling over $1 trillion a year by 1985. One can buy a lot of votes with $1 trillion, and with that kind of treasure available one has a very good chance of mystifying the doltish as to the source of the attendant inflation, unemployment, and economic malaise.

• On May 6, the United States boarded up the Libyan Embassy, ordering Colonel Qaddafi's diplomatists to pack up their goats and chickens and assassination paraphernalia and vamoose to the land of the sand and the high-pitched execration. The U.S. House of Representatives on May 7 voted to give the federal budget the pruning that President Reagan has urged. And at Brown University, Professor Jacob Neusner will be very lucky if he is not charged with child abuse. Professor Neusner published commencement objurgations in the student newspaper that were so abusive toward Brown's graduating seniors that over 50 sniffling seniors were roused to write letters of protest—an astounding show of intellectual vigor for the class. According to one sniveler—an aspiring broadcast student—Professor Neusner "called me a jerk in class. That's his style." Felicitations to the prof.

• Some 50 members of the Assembly of Yahweh religious sect sold their earthly possessions and gathered at Coney Island on May 25 to await the crack of doom. The historic event was scheduled for 3 p.m. and police with emergency vehicles were standing by. Surprisingly, Yahweh never went to work. Perhaps he was too preoccupied with the absurd spectacle. At any rate, by 8 p.m. the faithful began shuffling back to the pawn shops. The cause of science suffered a painful setback when Mr. George Mills, a computer expert, endeavored to strike the scales of superstition from the eyes of Greece's fanatical firedancers by scudding barefooted across their sacred coals. Unfortunately he only succeeded in charcoal broiling his feet and in getting badly battered by enraged firedancers who viewed him as a shameless infidel. Nor was scientific rationalism's repute enlarged when Mr. Mills opined his touching belief that a "right mental attitude" would have carried him over the fire intact. And in Trenton, New Jersey city officials responded arctically to the owner of the Reiss clothing store when he presented them with a $450 bill for damage done when the local fire department extracted from the store's chimney Mr. Glenn Clark, a burglar who had become stuck there in the course of carrying out professional services. Mr. Clark's squawks had gone unnoticed for five days.

• On May 10 M. François Mitterrand, vowing to transform France into the Great Britain of Continental Europe, triumphantly carried the banner of French Socialism to victory over France's equivalent of Jimmy Carter. Mr. Jona Sitohang, the possessor of 15 wives, so frightened his neighbors in a remote Indonesian village by proclaiming himself the spiritual heir of Mr. Charles Manson that the local fuddy-duddies shaved his head and burned his seraglio. Mr. John D. Thompson who last month motored a 47-ton bulldozer through a two and one-half mile residential district of Gillette, Wyoming, has been handed over to the shrinks of the Wyoming State Hospital. And there are hard days ahead for Planned Parenthood in Newport, Tennessee, where a jury ordered Stokely Van Camp to pay $2,500 to a man who had found a condom in one of the company's cans of pork and beans.

• The Reagan Terror continues to spread. Administration members spoke at dozens of university commencements, there being only a handful of campuses where students and faculty were courageous enough to have the fiends barred. Powerful forces in St. Albans, Vermont have established a committee to revive the pillory. And in Indianapolis, Indiana ex-Senator Birch Bayh notified the National Federation of Democratic Women that Ronald Reagan and the "repressive right" had shown impressive organizational skills in the 1980 election. However, the estimable pol admonished his audience never to imitate the repressive right's "philosophies," for the "New Right hate groups" such as Moral Majority and Stop ERA "support old fashioned ideas of sexism, racism, and anti-semitism." Nonetheless the liberals still have their little victories. On May 12 the New York State Court of Appeals defied the hate groups and ruled that the state could not prohibit the use of children in the portrayal of sexual activities. Then again at Swarthmore College, where Men's Cooperative—a "men's support and discussion group"—observed Blue Jeans Day by inviting students to wear blue jeans in support of homosexuality, three students face expulsion for having burned a pair of blue jeans in protest. In the memorable words of Dean Thomas Blackburn, "the implicit violence of the fire places the act in a category not far from cross burning or the torching of synagogues." As further provocation the brutes had worn three-piece suits!

• At the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, the educational experience has been imperiled by timorous administrators threatening to end university policy of coeducational toilets. The new policy is "non-negotiable," the administrators insist, but the campus's young intellectuals are fighting back. They have published a learned bull proclaiming that "shared toilet facilities is a valuable part of the educational experience," an insight understood by educators for thousands of years. How will the university duplicate the priceless experience if coeducational toilets are banished? Will it offer cassette recordings of members of the opposite sex on the stool? Auditory experiences are only part of the educational benefits available with coeducational toilets. There are also fragrances and visual effects. On May 13 Pope John Paul II was shot in St. Peter's Square causing thousands of America's most sedulous television watchers to complain when bulletins interrupted their soap operas. The government reported that New York and New Jersey accounted for more than half of all wiretaps authorized in the United States, and Mrs. Helen Steiner Rice, the queen of neoconservative culture, died. For 49 years Mrs. Rice had written thousands of religious, inspirational, and greeting poems for the Gibson Greeting Card Company of Cincinnati, Ohio.

• Finally, in an act eloquently illustrative of the sheer gasconade into which the New Politics has devolved, 5,000 demonstrators appeared at the Lincoln Monument on May 25 to protest the killings of 30 children in Atlanta. T-shirts, buttons, and ribbons were on sale but no one had a good word for capital punishment.

—RET

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The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator;* but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name. *The American Spectator* is now published monthly at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, Indiana, and additional mailing offices.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $15, outside the United States $19. Foreign air mail rates sent on request. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator,* P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402, (812) 334-2715; New York office, (212) 724-3799. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. ISSN 0148-8414.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, life-style, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

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Volume 14, Number 7, July, 1981.

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EDITORIAL

JOURNALISM AMONGST THE ELKS

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Just days before the dastardly Miss Janet Cooke and the *Washington Post* bespattered the elegant gray robes of the fourth estate by hoodwinking a hapless Pulitzer Prize Advisory Board, there appeared a swell piece about bogus news stories in the *Wall Street Journal*. It is perhaps tasteless of me to mention this, but the piece concluded that journalistic hoaxes are rare today because journalists are so "serious."

Actually, it is because they are so absurdly serious that bogus news stories appear all the time. Moreover, if these news stories accord with the pious predilections of other journalists they take on a life of veritable immortality. Who doubts that despite Janet Cooke's downfall there remain earnest Americans solemnly believing that there really is a little black boy gripped by a $50-a-day heroin habit somewhere?

Many journalists consider themselves adepts in the wonder of social science, a pretension that rattles their vision. Thus when they report news stories they are bowed down by all the bugaboos and primitive myths that idiotize third-rate graduate students sweating to please their haughty profs. Of course they heave up news stories that are severely biased. Some are outright fabrications. I know. Occasionally I have retold such news stories, only to be corrected by careful readers. In fact, our report in the last "Continuing Crisis" about a Jewish boy becoming Chief of the Sioux is just such a story. It is a hoax, the Arabs can relax.

For bias, consider Anthony Lewis's recent column on Jonestown in the illustrious *New York Times*. Mr. Lewis is one of the greatest urban sophisticates of all time, and so when he writes about the Rev. Jim Jones he drones on about "how an egomaniac religious leader or political leader can lead the credulous into madness" and "the methods of paranoid leadership and the nature of evil." Like a timorous student in Professor Balderdash's seminar, he is too sophisticated to mention that the Rev. Jones was a fervent Communist, who had actually made overtures to the USSR. Or consider all those hour-by-hour accounts of John Hinckley's last days before his assault on President Reagan. Only the *Washington Post* spotted Hinckley in a porn parlor during his last night of freedom. There in the Plain Brown Wrapper adult book store, Hinckley spurned the advances of the store's homosexual clerk, perused the store's bondage literature, and took in a peep show. Every other account of Hinckley's last hours ignored this sizable chunk of time. Did the journalists miss this, or were they simply reluctant to appear anxious about porn? Twenty years ago the Communism of the Rev. Jones and John Hinckley's taste for porn would have been discussed obsessively. Now fashion dictates that the tough-minded journalists avert their eyes.

The touching piety of many of our journalists and their faithful adherence to quack liberalism makes them prime suckers for hoaxes and, occasionally, willing hoaxers. My favorite journalistic legend is the Eatherly story, a story that went through many recastings and has endured for more than three decades. The hoax began when a larcenous dissipator recently discharged from the Army Air Corps, Major Claude Robert Eatherly, palmed himself off on a credulous reporter as the highly decorated (the Distinguished Flying Cross) World War II pilot who had bombed Hiroshima and—hounded by guilt—entered upon a life of self-destructive petty crime. He became an instant media hero, and a sensation with the peace movement. He was awarded the 1962 Hiroshima Award "for outstanding contributions to world peace," and one of England's "Angry Young Men," John Wain, composed a poem whose last lines sobbed "Say nothing of love, or thanks, or penitence: Say only 'Eatherly, we have your message.'"

Well, the real message was that here was humbug. Eatherly had no Distinguished Flying Cross. He had not commanded the Hiroshima bombing mission and had never harmed the hair of a Japanese head—at least not in combat. All he had done was fly a navigation plane over Hiroshima collecting information on weather conditions. Yet in 1978, when Eatherly finally gave up the ghost, the *New York Times* dutifully reported that in 1945 he had "radioed the B-29 Enola Gay to drop its atomic bomb." The *Times* retold all the ancient claptrap about Eatherly's tortured conscience. And there was a new twist appropriate to the ideological hypochondria of our day, namely: a link between Eatherly's alleged military exploits and his death from cancer.

As for more recent hoaxes consider the bogus story of May 4, 1980 on CBS's "Sixty Minutes," the burden of which was that Henry Kissinger had once schemed with the Shah to buy more weapons. Or what about Seymour Hersh's dubious contortions on Chile? Even he now admits that things were amiss in those lurid stories. Things were also amiss in his 1973 story asserting that President Nixon two days after his 1969 inauguration personally authorized "a secret Marine Corps" invasion of Laos. More recently, a so-called "Dissident Paper" on El Salvador

Adapted from RET's weekly column syndicated by King Features.

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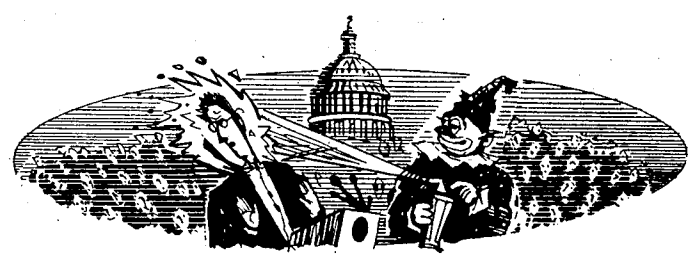
was the occasion for bogus stories by Karen De Young in the *Washington Post* and Stephen Kinzer in the *Boston Globe,* along with Flora Lewis and Anthony Lewis in the *New York Times*. Passed off as an "official document" from American foreign policy experts alarmed by secret Carter administration plans for El Salvador, we now know that the document was a forgery. The duped journalists have yet to find out who hornswoggled them.

Will the hoaxes and biased news stories end now that Janet Cooke has been unhorsed? Not if the Pulitzer Prize Advisory Board can help it; the prize withdrawn from Cooke was given to a *Village Voice* journalist for at least one story that is even trashier than Cooke's and scarcely better substantiated. Based on our lazy journalists' favorite expedient—gossiping unidentified sources—the story alleges that a widely admired civil rights activist was a homosexual who preyed on his disciples, one of whom murdered him. Shoddy journalism like this could render the Archbishop of Canterbury a homosexual, though he is more fit to defend himself.

The latest word on this odoriferous news story is that James Wechsler of the *New York Post* believes he has found fraud. He has filed a complaint with the National News Council. The story's author implied in the piece that she had gained information from an interview with the murderer of the deceased. Now Wechsler had discovered that the interview never took place. Thus it is possible that this year's Pulitzer Prize for feature writing was given to not one but two bogus stories. Is the Pulitzer Prize Advisory Board worried? There is no indication of it. The Pulitzer crowd still gathers to sing and to solemnize and to carry on the noble business of kissing each other on both cheeks. The Board remains journalism's equivalent of the Elks. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



THE BLOOMSBURY SAVINGS & LOAN

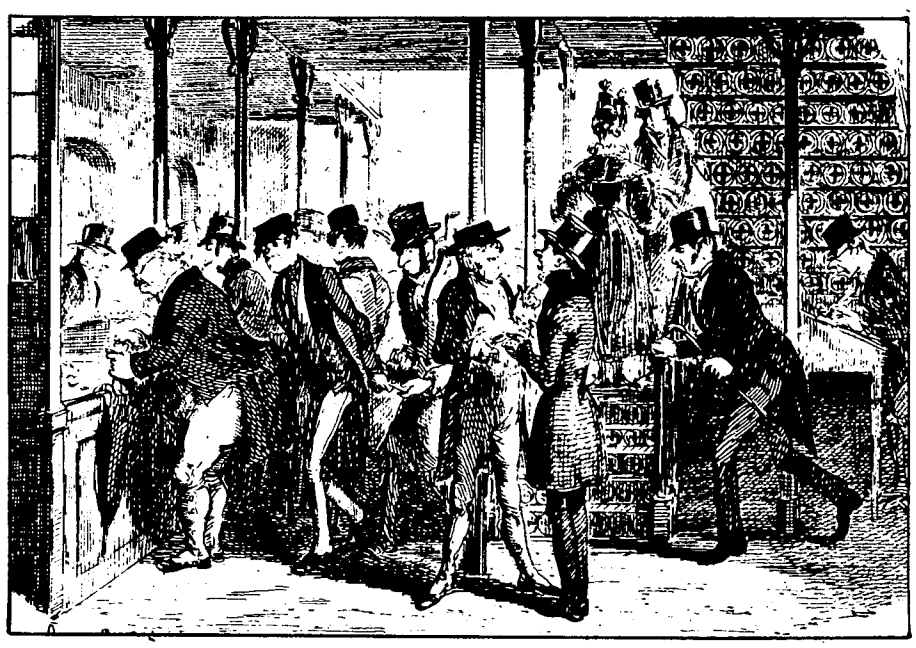
by Tom Bethell

I was listening to the radio a few weeks ago when I realized that a counter-revolution had taken place in one important area of public policy. Representative Jim Jones of Oklahoma was being interviewed by Washington's WRC "all news" radio station. He is the congressman Tom Wicker of the *New York Times* has described approvingly as a conservative; since Tom Wicker has disapproved of all conservatives on principle ever since he forsook the South and joined the Hive of collectivism, one was immediately put on the alert: Jones cannot be a conservative at all—otherwise Tom Wicker wouldn't be praising him. And in fact said Jones has since shown himself to be a rather useless fellow—more interested in impressing the constituency of Great Society true believers than in representing First District Oklahomans.

Still, there he was on the radio saying that the nation needs to increase its savings rate. I wonder if he realized at that point that there is only one way to improve savings, and that is to lessen the tax penalty on upper income groups—something that Great Society true believers and Hive collectivists don't approve of at all. Anyway, his comment was a step in the right direction, and at that point I began to keep a tally. President Reagan has several times commented adversely on our low savings rate. His Secretary of the Treasury Donald Regan believes that saving should be increased. So does Senator Pete Domenici, the chairman of the Senate Budget Committee. And Representative William Green of New York recently had this to say in the *Congressional Record:*

> Mr. Speaker, the United States has the lowest personal saving rate of any major industrial nation—4.7 percent in the third quarter of 1980. The current U.S. rate has dropped by half over the past ten years to a level that is one-fourth the Japanese rate and one-third the German rate . . . When saving is inadequate, something has to give.

The problem is to find anyone who is *against* savings. Oh, I'm sure Alice Rivlin, the left-wing numbers-cranker so supinely retained on the federal payroll by Senator Domenici, still maintains her hostility to the virtuous and prudent practice, but by and large it is rapidly becoming impossible to find anyone in the public policy arena who is opposed to saving.



This I have called a counter-revolution because the original revolution was created by the British economist Lord Maynard Keynes about 50 years ago. Keynes argued, in his utterly weird but nevertheless extremely influential book *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money,* that savings wasn't a good thing after all. His argument was quite ludicrous, but had the virtue of simplicity: Money saved was money not spent, resulting in static inventories, idle factories, and workers dismissed. It was here that he reversed cause and effect in economics, arguing that the *demand* for goods (consumption) created the supply of them.

In his *Essays in Persuasion* (1931), written a few years earlier, Keynes put the matter as plainly as he knew how: "The best guess I can make is that when you save five shillings you put a man out of work for a day." Five years later, in the *General Theory,* he knew enough about intellectual fashions to serve this up with suitable algebraic complexity. But the idea was the same. The "paradox

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Tom Bethell is *The American Spectator's* Washington editor.

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of thrift" found its way into economic textbooks: What was good for the individual was likely to harm the nation. Keynes seems to have been inspired by Bernard Mandeville, an early eighteenth-century writer whose book *The Parable of the Bees* was condemned as a public nuisance by the County of Middlesex in 1723. In this book, Leslie Stephen wrote, "a cynical system of morality was made attractive by ingenious paradoxes." There could be no more succinct explanation of Keynes's own theorizing. Like Keynes, Mandeville argued that if everyone saved their money, consumption would drop off and pretty soon everyone would be unemployed.

Let us look briefly at the Keynesian model of the economy. Without ever being quite conscious of it, Keynes was thinking of a system of hydraulic pipes. Money—the "income stream"—circulated around the economy in pipes, and at the central controls would sit some very important people, called economists, who would be empowered to "fine tune" the flow, either by advancing or retarding fiscal or monetary controls. These controls would merely alter the aggregate quantity of water, or money, in the pipes. Aggregate and average were almighty. There were no marginal effects to worry about. Individuals didn't decide how their money would affect the economy. The government decided for them. (Broadly speaking, in Keynesian economic theory, dominant for the past 45 years, no distinction is made between tax rates and tax revenues precisely because the one was presumed to be proportional to the other.)

Anyway, an aggregate quantity of money flowed around the pipes of the economy, and this was the equivalent of "demand," which in turn elicited "supply." Attached to the pipes were water wheels, or turbines, and these were attached to mills, or factories. (Imagine the old-fashioned water mill.) Inside these mills were workers, worrying whether or not they had jobs. The water would then come along, turn around the water wheel, which operates the machinery inside the mill, and then—oh, joyous day—the workers would have jobs because the machinery was operating. Notice how this reverses the direction of reality. In the real world, the efforts of workers create jobs, which result in things being made, which then pull into existence the money needed to buy these objects.

In the Keynesian universe, savings were visualized as money ("liquidity") which had seeped out of the pipes and come to rest in useless, stagnant pools where they were unable to contribute to demand. Paul Samuelson, in his famous textbook, includes a diagram showing just such a pipe arrangement with a drain leading away from the pipes, marked "savings." The old Bloomsburyite Keynes let on in an unguarded moment that he believed the propensity to save stemmed from "Pride and Avarice." When you came right down to it, he just didn't *like* the idea of people saving money.

Having said all that, however, we must concede that there was one feature of the 1930s that made Keynes's arguments a little more sensible than they otherwise would have been. Curiously enough, Keynes himself (as far as I am aware) barely discusses this point anywhere in his writings. There was deflation. The value of money was increasing every year. It is hard to imagine this today. You have a hundred dollars in the bank today, and a year later it will buy you $90-worth of goods. At the time Keynes wrote *The General Theory,* the $100 would buy you $110 a year later. This, of course, created a strong propensity to save. Leave the money in the bank, because next year it will buy you more.

Equally, of course, deflation created serious problems for investors, or borrowers of money. Savings are normally converted into investment by the mechanism of interest rates. This is the lock, or sluice gate, permitting savings to flow out of the stagnant pond—into what we now call the "supply side" of the economy (which did not exist in the Keynesian model because it was simply taken for granted). Keynes rightly noticed that this mechanism wasn't working correctly in the Depression. Savings piled up and weren't invested even though the interest rate for prime commercial paper was one percent in 1934.

He never seemed to understand why. Keynes seems to have made the signal mistake of believing that interest rates were *low.* But in fact they were very high in real terms because of the aforementioned deflation. (Prices sank 11.2 percent in 1932, for example.) Just as you have to subtract the inflation rate from interest rates today to find the real rate of interest (which is then lowered even further by the tax-deductible nature of interest payments), so you had to add the deflation rate to the nominally low interest rates in the Depression. Thus credit was in reality expensive—"equivalent to nominal rates of 30 percent at today's rate of inflation," according to Alan Reynolds, lately vice president of the First National Bank of Chicago and now with Jude Wanniski's Polyconomics.

Because interest rates can't fall below zero (who would lend money to be repaid a *smaller* sum?) Keynes may have had a point about savings in the peculiar deflationary circumstances of the 1930s. At least one can agree that there would naturally be a very strong tendency to save under such circumstances, and there might even be a need for some government policy to discourage saving. (Actually, of course, what was really needed was better government monetary policy, to end deflation.) But in today's very different circumstances, savings indeed should be encouraged. Inflation itself is quite enough to undermine savings. Why keep money in the bank when it will buy less and less each year?

But, as though that were not enough, U.S. tax policy deliberately defers to the old Keynesian wisdom and further discourages saving, the interest on which is called unearned income and taxed twice; and not only that, but taxed at a higher rate than salaries (above a certain threshold). The entire distinction between earned and unearned income should be abolished immediately. And if our legislators are really serious about encouraging saving then they should also completely abolish the taxation of interest. This of course will not happen, because the truth of the matter is that U.S. public policy—despite all the rhetoric about the country "moving to the right"—is still heavily dominated by left-wing presumptions, the leading one of which is the belief that taxation should first and foremost be an instrument of punishment (of the rich) rather than revenue collection.

In addition, Alice Rivlin's absurd and disgraceful Congressional Budget Office still cranks out numbers demonstrating to unwary legislators that the economy grows faster if the government spends our money than if we do; this in turn derives from the Keynesian premise that savings are bad, and accordingly have a minus sign in front of them when computed in the national income accounts.

Can't tax policy be changed to encourage saving? You would think so. Congressmen and senators are after all practical men. But then of course it was none other than Lord Keynes himself who said, on the very last page of his famous book *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money:*

> Practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slave of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back.

Too true, Lord Maynard, too true. □

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William Shawcross

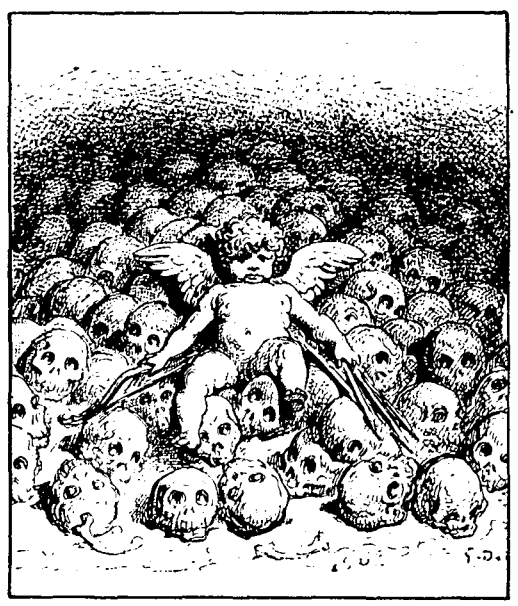
SHAWCROSS SWIPES AGAIN

In hot pursuit of Peter Rodman.

Ladies and Gentlemen, send the young folk to their bed chambers. Keep the faint-hearted from your reading chair. You have in hand an American Spectator *not meant for polite company. The following exchange between Messrs. Shawcross and Rodman is the intellectual equivalent of a particularly bloody bull fight; judge for yourselves which of the combatants is the matador and which the bull; judge the victor and the vanquished.*

The sheer gore of this intellectual dispute, the gore and the weirdness, have reminded me of why I never took a Ph.D. I am simply not by nature violent enough for scholarly debates. Ever since William Shawcross's Sideshow *began thrilling salon revolutionaries with its thesis that the United States was responsible for the slaughter in Cambodia, I was suspicious of it. In fact, I accorded it our "Worst Book of the Year" award for 1979, noting the absurdity of its thesis and apparent dissimulations in its scholarship. When Mr. Shawcross asked me for examples of his bogus scholarship, I contacted Peter Rodman, a former member of the National Security Council fresh from working with Henry Kissinger on his memoirs, I was impressed by Rodman's early dissections of Shawcross and asked him to do a piece illuminating "the Shawcross method of cooking up history." It appeared in our March 1981 issue and in my mind admirably set the record straight on America's alleged culpability for the Cambodian holocaust. It also shed light on "the Shawcross method of cooking up history." In fine, it was a useful addition to the historical debate over American involvement in Southeast Asia. Yet it received scant notice from the journalists and scholars who had earlier trumpeted Shawcross. Of the pundits, only George Will was moved to comment in public, despite our wide dissemination of Rodman's piece. Then there fell an eerie stillness.*

In late April the silence was broken by hisses. From England, Shawcross's native land, the New Statesman *mentioned that Shawcross was readying a reply to this example of "counter-revolutionary character assassination." In early May, Mr. Derek Davies of the* Far Eastern Economic Review, *an admirer of Shawcross, wrote Rodman that he had seen Shawcross's reply to Rodman's* American Spectator *piece and was glad he had not reprinted the latter: ". . . I have seen the detailed refutations of your apologia for Dr. Kissinger by Mr. Shawcross which convincingly casts doubt both on your arguments and on the integrity with which you have propounded them. . . ." The graceful Mr. Davies also called Mr. Rodman "the ventriloquists's doll," a bigot, and a professional polemicist. Shaken by Rodman's complaint over his refusal to reprint Rodman's critique of Shawcross, he repined: "How quickly a reputation for fairness earned over many years can be forfeited in the minds of bigots and professional polemicists!" He also expressed doubt that I would publish Shawcross's reply and rather weirdly suggested that I was less than forthright for asking Rodman to collect his researches, some of which had appeared in a Rodman memo, for an* American Spectator *essay. As I say, these scholars are violent types.*



In early May Mr. Shawcross finally sent us his reply, reiterating the charges that 1) I am a low fellow for asking Rodman to elaborate on his earlier memo and 2) I am under the dark spell of "Dr. Kissinger." Well, there is no arguing with the conspiracy theorist. Perhaps I am another agent of the Kissinger network and perhaps not, but it might be noted that Dr. Kissinger's last book did not get a very genial appraisal in our review section last month and anyone familiar with my chapter on Dr. Kissinger in Public Nuisances *or with a piece I did on him in the October 1978 issue of this magazine will realize that it is unlikely that Henry Kissinger drafted me into his conspiracy. The title of the chapter and of the magazine piece is "Henry Kissinger: Metternich Flummoxed."*

One of our interests here at The American Spectator *is keeping the historical record accurate. Unlike so many of the publications that refused to publish Rodman's responses to articles by Shawcross which had appeared in those journals (for instance, the* London Sunday Times, Harper's, *and the* Far Eastern Economic Review), *I gladly publish Mr. Shawcross's reply to Rodman (despite its length) and a rebuttal from Rodman. Read both and judge for yourself if Shawcross is correct when he says that 1) American bombing of North Vietnamese sanctuaries in Cambodia was responsible for the destabilization and downfall of Cambodia's Prince Sihanouk, 2) subsequent American "aggression" was responsible for the North Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia, and 3) the very presence of America in Southeast Asia and Cambodia in particular transformed the Khmer Rouge into genocidal fanatics.*

Succinctly put, Shawcross is saying,

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America's policy in Southeast Asia was responsible for the Khmer Rouge and North Vietnamese genocide of the late 1970s. In my opinion, Rodman unhorsed this charge in his March reply. In the following response, Shawcross seems to be retreating from some of his earlier accusations. He seems to fall back on the charge that Nixon and Kissinger dissembled to the Congress and acted unconstitutionally. Well here is progress, and I hope Shawcross will let all the professional anti-Americans know of his new position. He might also let them read the response to it at the conclusion of Rodman's rebuttal.

There is an essential difference between the arguments made by these two men. Rodman's case rests on the simple assumption that American resistance to totalitarianism in Indochina had a moral basis. Thus Rodman shows that Kissinger and Nixon realized that the North Vietnamese wrecked the neutrality of Cambodia, that the Khmer Rouge were always totalitarians, that the proper course for America was to oppose them, and that the peoples of Indochina would have been better off had we succeeded. Shawcross's case rests on his claim that "Statesmen have to be judged by the consequences of their actions. Whatever Kissinger and Nixon intended for Cambodia, their efforts created catastrophe." Thus Shawcross must show that Nixon and Kissinger actually caused the destabilization of Cambodia, the fall of Sihanouk, the subsequent invasion, and the brutality of the Khmer Rouge—all this having been brought about by U.S. bombing and military aid to the Cambodians. He does not make his case.

Moreover, by dragging in his apothegm that statesmen must be judged on the consequences of their actions, he is emasculating the moral basis of resistance to totalitarianism. Shawcross, who presumably will still hold to the view that it was the actions of Kissinger and Nixon, rather than North Vietnam and the Khmer Rouge, whose consequences were the post-bellum genocide, must, to make his case, also be prepared to argue the more universal point that statesmen whose intentions are to oppose totalitarianism and who, after identifying it in the world proceed to combat it, nevertheless act recklessly. As an alternative to a foreign policy motivated by moral concerns(a preference that the consequences of our actions be good rather than evil), and illuminated by a lucid appreciation of reality (an understanding of how our actions will lead to the desired consequences), Shawcross advances a foreign policy based solely on "consequences," detached from any mooring to either morality or reality. Since consequences can be known only after the fact, and, as Shawcross ably demonstrates, even then they are often attributed to the wrong actions, his dictum is a recipe for capitulation. —RET

William Shawcross,
London, England
April 27, 1981

The Editor
The American Spectator
P.O. Box 1969
Bloomington, Indiana
U.S.A. 47402

Sir,

I have been away for some time in Southeast Asia and I have only just seen the article by Dr. Kissinger's aide, Peter Rodman, in your March 1981 issue ("Sideswipe: Kissinger, Shawcross and the Responsibility for Cambodia"), attacking my book, *Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia* (Simon and Schuster, 1979).

It is good that Cambodia should be the subject of interest and debate. And I suppose it is flattering that almost two years after the publication of my book, Kissinger should instruct his aide to attack it. But Mr. Rodman has misled your readers. What he should have acknowledged is that he had a great deal of help from me in preparing his article. Here is how:

This article is a rehash of a long memorandum prepared by Mr. Rodman on Dr. Kissinger's instructions in the second half of 1979. That memorandum, entitled "Shawcross's Documents," was anonymous and its authors saw fit to claim (anonymously) in its introduction that it was "an independent examination" of documents I had obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. It was distributed quite widely by Mr. Rodman and Dr. Kissinger—to journalists and others—with the strict instruction that I was not to be allowed to see it. Its inaccuracies, distortions, and omissions were deliberately misleading; they may even have misled you in the article which you published about my book at the end of 1979 in which you said that "rumors now circulate" that I had misused the documents.

In the summer of 1980, I obtained a copy of the Rodman-Kissinger anonymous memorandum. I immediately wrote a detailed response to it. I sent copies of both memos to a number of journalists, editors, and academics interested in Cambodia. (A short article about the two memos appeared in *New York* magazine.) I also sent a copy of my response to Dr. Kissinger for his information; he did not reply. Later last year, my publishers decided to bring out a new edition of *Sideshow;* I decided that Rodman's memorandum and my repudiation of it should both be published in this new edition. The book will be out (Touchstone) in a few weeks time.

Perhaps it was because I had already given his covert attack such publicity that Kissinger decided to have Rodman go public himself—almost two years after *Sideshow* was first published. In any case, the article in *The American Spectator* is Rodman's memo rewritten with the help of my own memo. It would have been honest for Rodman to have noted this. As for you, Sir, either you knew the tale of the two memos, in which case you were hardly straightforward in telling your readers, "Now I have asked Peter Rodman . . . to illuminate the Shawcross method of cooking up history," or you did not, in which case Mr. Rodman was hardly straightforward with you.

So much for the history of Rodman's concoction. What of its substance? The best one can say is that in the light of my own repudiation, some of the most ludicrous charges have been removed, others tempered. But, even with my help, Rodman's work is unimpressive—long on abuse, short on honest argument. He also fails, like Kissinger himself, to address the real issues raised by the history of Cambodia. I apologize to your readers for the fact that this can be shown only at considerable length.

"Chester Bowles: The Missing Quotation"
Chester Bowles visited Sihanouk in 1968. Kissinger and other Nixon administration officials subsequently claimed that Sihanouk, in effect, then gave the green light for the secret U.S. B-52 campaign which began in March 1969 against Vietnamese Communist sanctuaries in Cambodia. Rodman labors to show the same thing and that I concealed it. Sihanouk did not. I did not. Bowles talked with Sihanouk and his officials about "hot pursuit," not about B-52 bombing at all. Even if Sihanouk had authorized U.S. "hot pursuit" of Vietnamese Communists into Cambodia this

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could in no way be taken as authorizing a massive B-52 campaign against the sanctuaries. The record of what happened in the conversation is anyway ambiguous and I am scrupulous at showing this.

Rodman has shifted from the position he took in the memorandum. There he accused me of not quoting a direct statement from Sihanouk to Bowles which Kissinger quotes in his memoirs. The implication was that I had concealed it. In fact, as I pointed out in my reply, that statement had not before been published and was not in the documents released to me. Kissinger does not source it in his memoirs. Rodman has now dropped that attack.

But his new attack is just as fraudulent. He claims that the State Department's report, which I received in a sanitized form and which I quoted, "contained evidence that could not be more conclusive, which Shawcross chose to conceal from his readers . . . " He then quotes the report as saying that "in one of his amazing reversals Sihanouk said he would not object to 'hot pursuit' . . ." I did not conceal this passage. As Rodman must know perfectly well, it was not in the report as I received it. Perhaps it was in one of the sections excised for reasons of national security. In any case, I did not receive it.

Even if I had received it, I would not have found it conclusive of anything. There is enormous difference between "hot pursuit" and a B-52 bombing campaign sustained over more than a year. Moreover, Bowles' own talking paper stated, "we do not regard so-called hot pursuit as a desirable remedy," and the State Department report concludes at the end of the mission that the Bowles party believed that "there seemed little doubt that on the Cambodian side fears of hot pursuit had been allayed." Rodman does not mention that.

Rodman quotes Chester Bowles' autobiography, in which Bowles says Sihanouk took him aside and said he would not object to U.S. "hot pursuit" into unpopulated areas of Cambodia. Bowles, says Rodman, "was skeptical." Indeed he was. He wrote, "I doubted that he meant it." And what else did Bowles say of that visit? Quite a lot, all of which Rodman "conceals from his readers." He was sent there by Lyndon Johnson to discuss the Communists in the border areas. "The Pentagon had been pressing for the right of 'hot pursuit' across the Cambodian border, and my visit was obviously part of an effort to relieve this pressure." At the end of the trip, Bowles writes:

> There seemed little doubt that on the Cambodian side fears of "hot pursuit" by U.S. and South Vietnamese troops, which had been strongly rumored in the American press had now been allayed; it never occurred to any of us that less than two years later we would actually invade Cambodia. . . Later events in Cambodia, the overthrow of Sihanouk and the subsequent introduction of U.S. troops there with the result of widening the scope of the war in Vietnam have served to emphasize for all to see what became evident to me during my visit. Sihanouk's policies, though often irritating to the United States, were an effective means of guarding the neutrality of Cambodia. (pp. 576-580)

But Rodman then says, "Sihanouk's position never deviated from this"—i.e., his aside on "hot pursuit"—"After the B-52 bombing started in 1969 and was reported in the American press, Sihanouk responded in similar terms publicly . . ." And in one press conference, which Rodman cites, he did indeed say that he would not object to the U.S. bombing the Vietnamese. But another was called *specifically to deny* a UPI report from Saigon that he would tolerate B-52 bombing. In that press conference, March 28, 1969, Sihanouk said, "Nobody, no chief of state in the world placed in the same situation as I am, would agree to let foreign aircraft bomb his own country . . . I do not want to run the risk, because of their bombing of the communists, of seeing an escalation of the war extend to Cambodia—that is, I will in all cases oppose all bombing on Cambodian territory under whatever pretext." Rodman and Kissinger have always concealed this press conference from their readers.

It was my view, expressed in *Sideshow,* that Sihanouk was a cunning fellow, whose statements did not always fully reflect his real views. The point is that it is untrue for Rodman to claim that "Sihanouk's position never deviated." In this as in many other matters, Sihanouk was a most accomplished deviator.

To make clear all the ambiguities and uncertainties, I actually agree (p. 94) that "It is possible that Prince Sihanouk was indeed a party to the conspiracy"—that he would tolerate bombing so long as it was kept secret. Rodman conceals this from his readers. And in an interview with Sihanouk after the rest of the book went to press, I quote him (p. 390) as telling me, "I did not know about the B-52 bombing in 1969. In 1968, I had told Chester Bowles, en passant, that the United States could bomb Vietnamese sanctuaries, but the question

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of a big B-52 campaign was never raised."

Rodman's treatment of my account of the Bowles mission is a sham. First, because he dissembles and second, because he ignores the vital point, which I stressed, that whatever Sihanouk told Bowles was quite irrelevant in terms of the U.S. Constitution. The administration had no right to conceal the bombing from Congress simply because that may have been convenient for Sihanouk. "The whims of and the constraints upon a foreign prince . . . are not grounds for the President to wage war . . . By informing only a few sympathetic legislators in a general way of the bombing, the White House was deliberately usurping the Congress' constitutional rights and responsibilities." That was the principal argument I was making, as Rodman knows. He does not dare address it.

"What the Chiefs' Memorandum Really Said"

Rodman's complaint seems to be that I claim the United States "callously assumed the risk of massive harm to civilians" in the secret B-52 bombing of the sanctuaries 1969-70. I do nothing of the sort. I simply show from contemporary U.S. Government documents, of which this memo was only one, that it was a lie for Kissinger and other officials to claim later (and as Kissinger continued to claim in his memoirs) that the sanctuaries were "all unpopulated" by Cambodians. I did not, as Rodman seeks to show, exaggerate the danger to these Cambodians, as expressed in the Chiefs' memo; indeed, I said (p. 28) of the Chiefs' assertion that there were Cambodian "towns" in the sanctuary areas that "villages would be a more accurate description."

Rodman does not share with your readers the Chiefs' actual estimates of the numbers of Cambodians living in the areas which became MENU sites. They were:

Area 609,	LUNCH,	198
Area 351,	SNACK,	383
Area 352,	DINNER,	770
Area 350,	DESSERT,	120
Area 740,	SUPPER,	1,136

To Cambodians (as perhaps to many other people) these are communities, some of them sizeable.

"Base Area 704: The Wrong Box"

I repeated a mistake made by the Pentagon and as soon as it was discovered at the Pentagon—from enquiries made simultaneously by me and by Kissinger—I acknowledged it. Neither David Frost nor I was "embarrassed" by the error, as Rodman claims; when we learned of it there was no question but that the Frost-Kissinger exchange in which it was involved be deleted from the interview or that the three sentences in my book which referred to it be deleted also.

The error was first made not by me but in the Defense Department White Paper that Rodman mentions. This stated clearly that area 704 was SUPPER, when in fact SUPPER was area 740. It is true that I had other documents referring to the bombing of Area 740, though neither of them identified it as SUPPER. I did not notice the discrepancy. I should have. All I can say is that I am used to White Papers being accurate.

But how important was the mistake, in fact? Almost irrelevant. Rodman claims that Area 740, the *real* SUPPER was "minimally populated by civilians." But, according to the Chiefs' memo cited above, Area 740 contained 1,136 civilians. This was the second largest concentration of civilians in the sanctuaries bombed, after BREAKFAST which was said to have 1,640. If communities of 1,640 and 1,136 are "minimal" to Rodman, I rest my case.

"'Destabilizing' Sihanouk: The Elusive Evidence"

Kissinger and Rodman are in the unhappy position of asserting (1) that the MENU bombing campaign successfully dispersed the Vietnamese Communists from their Cambodian sanctuaries, (2) that a principal reason for the overthrow of Sihanouk was that these same Vietnamese moved further into Cambodia in 1969-70, and (3) that there is no direct relation between (1) and (2). But at least Rodman has retreated from Kissinger's claim—scotched by David Frost—that the bombing actually encouraged the Vietnamese to move into South Vietnam rather than deeper into Cambodia.

Certainly I say that the bombing, together with other U.S. and South Vietnamese operations, pushed the North Vietnamese further into Cambodia. It is

nonsense for Kissinger and Rodman to attempt to deny it. This movement increased right-wing and military dissatisfaction at home with Sihanouk. U.S. officials in South Vietnam and Washington were well aware of this.

As Rodman says, I write that I found "no direct link" between the U.S. Government and the coup plotters (p. 112). But certainly I think there was American motive for replacing Sihanouk and that I established this without, as Rodman claims, "thick insinuation." The principal motive was a desire, by one means or another, to clean out the sanctuaries. I never deny, despite Rodman's claims in various parts of his article, that those sanctuaries were large and were seen by the U.S. commanders as serious military threats.

On p. 122 I write, "this account of the coup is neither complete nor conclusive; the extent of American complicity (if any) could probably only be uncovered by Congressional investigation." What I do is produce a good deal of evidence that at the very least American officials in Vietnam had prior knowledge of the plot, through their contacts with anti-Sihanouk exiles led by Son Ngoc Thanh. I quote William Colby, among others, on this. Colby said of the coup's leader, Lon Nol, at this time, "Lon Nol may well have been encouraged by the fact that the U.S. was working with Son Ngoc Thanh. I don't know of any specific assurances he was given, but the obvious conclusion for him, given the political situation in South Vietnam and Laos, was that he would be given United States support" if he overthrew Sihanouk. He was.

Rodman then claims that I "invent[ed] a phony quotation from General Abrams." I did not. This was the full exchange between Senator Symington and General Abrams:

> Symington: During 1969 and early 1970 the North Vietnamese in Cambodia were under increasing pressure from U.S. ground probes, B-52 strikes and ARVN cross border operations. As an experienced military man, would you not think this pressure made it almost inevitable that they would have to expand their area of control or operations, thus bringing them into increasing conflict with the Cambodian authorities?
>
> Abrams: Yes, I think that is a fair statement.

I included a paraphrase of this exchange in *Sideshow,* in a section which Rodman quotes selectively:

> To escape the bombardment, the Vietnamese communists had begun to move deeper into Cambodia—"thus"—as Abrams later acknowledged to the Senate, "bringing them into increasing conflict with the Cambodian authorities." More and more reports of serious clashes between the communists and Cambodian villagers and troops reached Phnom Penh. The effect was inevitable (especially when it coincided with a deepening economic crisis); Sihanouk's balance of right against left became more precarious. The bombing was destabilising him. (p. 113)

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It is clear that I "invented" nothing; there was no "sleight of hand" as Rodman claims. Indeed, if anything, the original exchange makes the case more strongly than I made it in *Sideshow*. Moreover, despite Rodman, Abrams could perfectly well have said to Symington, "No, Senator, our intelligence showed that the bombing moved them back into South Vietnam" (as Kissinger claimed in his memoirs), or, "Well, Senator, I am afraid there's simply no evidence either way." Rodman gives the impression that the General was a complete patsy to "a powerful senator"; in fact the hearing shows he often disagreed with the questions or suppositions put to him. By saying that Symington had made a "fair statement," Abrams, as I wrote, "acknowledged" its validity. To "acknowledge" means "to admit to be true."

"The North Vietnamese Assault on Cambodia: The Missing Month of April"

Rodman claims that at this time, just after Sihanouk's overthrow, the North Vietnamese advance into Cambodia was made "with the evident intention of intimidating the new government into passivity, surrender, or collapse." This is a retreat—a welcome one—from Kissinger's own line, repeated *ad nauseam* in his memoirs, that the North Vietnamese were intent on capturing all Cambodia in April 1970. That is an assertion for which not a shred of evidence has been produced.

That the North Vietnamese spread further into Cambodia in April 1970 is evident; Rodman attempts to show that I deny it. I do nothing of the sort, as any reasonable reader of Chapter 9 of *Sideshow* can see. Rodman quotes a cable from General Westmoreland to General Abrams of April 21, 1970. The suggestion is that I ignored it. I did not. I quoted the first sentence Rodman quotes and then another section:

> "As you are certainly aware, there is highest level concern here with respect to the situation in Cambodia." [Westmoreland] saw it as a mood to be exploited. "The threat to Phnom Penh and the present concern of higher authority may be conducive to relaxation of some of the constraints under which we are operating. If this happens we should be prepared to take advantage of the opportunity." He asked Abrams how best the United States could involve itself more deeply in South Vietnamese attacks across the border. . . (p. 138)

My account of April 1970 makes it abundantly clear that the North Vietnamese moved westwards. But I also raise the question of how far they were pushed—by South Vietnamese and American attacks into the sanctuaries which had begun even before Sihanouk's overthrow and increased after it. Since then, I have indeed said that many of the North Vietnamese attacks mentioned by Kissinger in his memoirs had never been thought important enough to be mentioned before. And I have shown (*Harper's* Nov. 1980) that in the alterations he made to the Cambodia section of his memoirs after *Sideshow* was published, Kissinger tried to exaggerate and magnify these incidents. I also record that although members of the NSC staff were specifically asked by Kissinger to prove, after the invasion and on the basis of captured documents and other evidence, that the North Vietnamese had been about to capture Phnom Penh in April 1970, they were able to do no such thing. Yet Kissinger constantly asserts in his memoirs that the North Vietnamese were about to establish their hegemony over all Cambodia at that time and that only the U.S. invasion stopped them. Rodman and Kissinger have never admitted to the existence of two rather important documents about that period. The first was published by the U.S. Embassy in Saigon in January 1971, as part of a regularly published research series. It was called, "The Viet Cong's March-April 1970 plans for expanding control in Cambodia." The second, called, "Documents of Viet Cong and North Vietnamese Aggression against Cambodia" was published by Lon Nol's Ministry of Information in 1971. Neither document claimed that in April 1970 Hanoi had been bent on the conquest of Cambodia, as Kissinger claimed in his memoirs. Had any such evidence existed it is certain it would have been included.

Certainly I also maintain that Nixon was in a highly emotional state at the time of the invasion and looking for an opportunity to demonstrate "toughness." Nixon's mood was confirmed in Kissinger's own account, with its sly innuendoes that Nixon was so drunk on the *Sequoia* a few nights before the invasion that he could hardly stand.

Here, as elsewhere in his article, Rodman quotes Khmer Rouge assertions as evidence in his case against the North Vietnamese. (Kissinger does the same in his memoirs.) Yet Rodman also describes the Khmer Rouge as "political fanatics" and "totalitarian thugs." When are such people to be believed? It seems to me that it is legitimate to quote Khmer Rouge statements by way of illustrating their positions, their beliefs, their paranoias, as I do in *Sideshow*. It is quite illegitimate to quote them as giving irrefutable evidence. Does Rodman believe, for example, the Khmer Rouge assertion that it was the Vietnamese who murdered all those found in mass graves throughout the country? Apparently not, because Rodman also says that the Khmer Rouge murdered three million Cambodians. His use of the Khmer Rouge statements is not scholarly; it is utterly disgraceful.

Rodman complains that I have not addressed "one of the most important

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revelations" in Kissinger's book—that on April 4, 1970 he proposed the neutralization of Cambodia to Le Duc Tho. If this is indeed a startling revelation then that fact has escaped almost every other critic also. And Richard Nixon himself did not seem to think it very important. He made no mention of it whatsoever in his account in his own memoirs of that meeting between Kissinger and Le Duc Tho. I have found that on most matters Nixon's book is a more reliable account than Kissinger's.

"The Strangulation of the Cambodian Army"

Rodman complains about my use, or lack of use, of the end-of-tour reports of Generals Cleland and Palmer, the heads of the Military Equipment Delivery Team in Cambodia. Actually I use them extensively; in the notes to Chapter 21 I acknowledge "the military information and descriptions in the following pages are from these reports unless otherwise noted." In the notes to Chapter 23 I say that my account of the final battle of Phnom Penh "is derived principally from General Palmer's end of tour report, reports of the military attaché's office in the U.S. Embassy, Phnom Penh, other declassified documents, interviews with American and Cambodian officials and soldiers, and contemporary press reports."

Rodman criticizes the reservation I express about the reports (p. 312). That paragraph continues by saying, "Nonetheless, the reports do provide an extraordinary picture of the problems of the Cambodian army at this stage of the war (1973 onwards)—and of the difficulties inherent in the Pentagon's attempt to impose its models upon the country. It is clear from Palmer's report that he disagreed with many of Cleland's actions . . . " Rodman ignores these complicating subtleties.

After quoting a passage in which I criticize the way in which Cleland encouraged the Cambodian army's dependence on firepower (p. 313), Rodman claims that I am "utterly disingenuous . . . Congressional restrictions made any other strategy impossible." He suggests that I pay scant and inadequate attention to those restrictions. Not true; in the very next paragraph I go on to argue that it was precisely those restrictions of which Cleland should have taken account.

> The fundamental military problems of incompetence and corruption were, if anything, exacerbated by the actions Cleland took. FANK (the Cambodian army) was unable to absorb the sophisticated accoutrements of divisional reorganization he pressed upon it. Congressional restrictions on advice meant that the Khmers were denied the overall training, management skills and technical know-how essential to the sort of army that Cleland was creating. . .

Rodman claims that I "blame Generals Cleland and Palmer for the disaster that befell" the Cambodian army. He knows this is not so. I am critical of Cleland (much less of Palmer), but if I attach any *blame* it is to Henry Kissinger. The point I made repeatedly through the second half of the book is that over and over again Kissinger disregarded advice from the ground and imposed upon Cambodia strategies that were so hopelessly ambitious, in military terms, as to be counterproductive. In fall 1970 the White House overrode the rather moderate, sensible proposals put forward by its first military emissary to Cambodia, Colonel Fred Ladd, that small guerilla units be built up, in favor of creating at once a huge main force army. It was at Kissinger's insistence that the Cambodian army was expanded from about 37,000 to over 200,000 (at least on paper); the country's command structure could not possibly absorb such an increase.

Throughout the period there were constant pleas for restraint from State, CIA (which reported the war particularly well from the Phnom Penh station), from the military attaché's office, and from Melvin Laird himself. Almost all such appeals were overridden in favor of maximum militarization—by Kissinger.

Rodman claims that I had no access to White House documents. This is untrue. He should note especially Chapter 12 where I discuss at length National Security Study Memorandum 99 and National Security Decision Memorandum (NSDM) 89. In NSDM 89 Kissinger dismissed all caution and authorized the most ambitious and most impractical of all the military options which had been discussed for Cambodia. That decision, made in fall 1970, was one of the single most disastrous of the war. One result was not, as Rodman airily claims, "petty corruption" but

mammoth corruption which was seriously, perhaps fatally, debilitating to the Cambodian army. Here, as so often elsewhere, Kissinger indulged in overkill; and, as so often, it was quite counterproductive.

Not a single mention is made in Kissinger's memoirs (nor, of course, in Rodman's efforts) of NSDM 89.

"Feeling Sorry for the Khmer Rouge"

Given what has happened in Cambodia in recent years this is the most important section in Rodman's concoction. It is also the most shocking.

Rodman begins "Shawcross at least acknowledges the genocidal brutality of the Khmer Rouge after they took power, in contrast to other prophets of the Left..." I have never considered myself a "prophet" of the Left or any other cause, and as for "acknowledging" Khmer Rouge brutality, that was one of the principal reasons I embarked on my research in the first place. I went to talk to Cambodian refugees in Thailand in 1975, a few months after the Khmer Rouge victory. Their stories were being dismissed by some people, as Rodman says, as "imperialist propaganda" or CIA fabrications. It was quite clear to me, however, that they were telling the truth. I immediately began to write about the horrors of which they spoke. And I began to research into who the Khmer Rouge were and why they behaved in this appalling way. That research was embodied in numerous articles, in *Sideshow*, and will be part of the next book I am writing.

Rodman goes on to claim that I "excuse the atrocities [of the Khmer Rouge] by another line of argument: that they were all America's fault. Apologetics nonetheless." This is a most childish smear. Nothing I have ever written has sought to "excuse" or "apologize" for the Khmer Rouge. But what I *have* done is to try and find explanations for their conduct. Some of those explanations are, of course, deeply uncomfortable to Mr. Rodman and Dr. Kissinger. But that does not make them excuses.

Rodman claims, falsely, that it is my thesis "that it was American bombing that turned the Khmer Rouge into butchers" and that in pursuit of this notion I ignored important sources—Ponchaud and Quinn. My claim is in fact that the Khmer Rouge became more and more vicious as the war progressed—both Ponchaud and Quinn bear that out.

Quinn writes in the summary of his study (*Naval War College Review,* Spring 1976, p.6) of changes in Khmer Rouge conduct:

> Mid 1971 to early 1973. . . they took the first steps to change radically the nature of Khmer society. Distracted by the necessity to battle the Phnom Penh government's forces, this revolutionary program was, of necessity, limited. Cultural and social structures remained essentially intact but came under stiff attack through attempts to modify them. . . Early 1973 to

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> February 1974. . . . During this final period [it is final only because Quinn ended his work then] the Khmer communists drastically accelerated and intensified their program to radically alter society. Included in this effort were mass relocations of the population, purges of lenient cadres, the use of terror and extensive remodelling of the economic system.

Nor do I ignore Ponchaud; apart from anything else, I recommend his book *Year Zero* as the best account of Khmer Rouge rule. In his original memo Rodman claimed that I cited Ponchaud only "occasionally"; in my response I pointed out this was false. So in *The American Spectator* Rodman says I quote him "extensively." (I wonder what Rodman actually *believes*?) Despite Rodman's efforts there is nothing in Ponchaud's book which contradicts my work. Indeed, we have long collaborated and we each believe that the other's work complements his own.

Rodman takes offense at a passage in my book, which he quotes: "All wars are designed to arouse anger..." This paragraph appears to be at the center of his assertion that I am an apologist for the Khmer Rouge. The passage (as Rodman knows from my response to his memo) was in part inspired by some of the observations made by J. Glenn Gray, the American soldier and writer, in his classic study, *The Warriors: Reflections on Men in Battle*. In this book, which Hannah Arendt describes in her introduction as "this singularly earnest and beautiful book," Gray tries to come to terms with the nature of evil in warfare:

> Anyone who has watched men on the battlefield at work with artillery or looked into the eyes of veteran killers fresh from the slaughter, or studied the description of bombardiers' feelings while smashing their targets, finds it hard to escape the conclusion that there is a delight in destruction. A walk across any battlefield shortly after the guns have fallen silent is convincing enough. A sensitive person is sure to be oppressed by a spirit of evil there, a radical evil which suddenly makes the medieval images of hell and the thousand devils of the imagination believable. This evil appears to surpass mere human malice and to demand explanation in cosmological and religious terms. Men who have lived in the zone of combat long enough to be veterans are sometimes possessed by a fury that makes them capable of anything. Blinded by the rage to destroy and supremely careless of the consequences, they storm against the enemy until they are either victorious, dead or utterly exhausted. It is as if they are seized by a demon and are no longer in control of themselves. From the Homeric account of the sacking of Troy to the conquest of Dienbienphu, Western literature is filled with descriptions of soldiers as berserkers and mad destroyers.

I tried to relate that general observation to the specific circumstances of the Khmer Rouge—in particular their small numbers, the isolation of their leaders in the jungle for up to thirteen years, their ideological commitments, the surprisingly sudden nature of their victory, *and* the punishment they had endured at the hands of their enemies. I do indeed believe that the massive U.S. bombing, particularly in 1973, must have affected their conduct. But by enemies I meant not just the United States and Lon Nol, but also North Vietnam. Rodman is thoroughly dishonest when he says that my reference to their "Manichean fear" is to "American and Cambodian efforts to resist them." In fact the very next paragraph after the one he quotes relates to their "Manichean fear" of the Vietnamese:

> On Christmas Day 1978, their fears were realised. Under the transparent banner of a new "Kampuchean United Front for National Salvation," the Vietnamese launched a dry season blitzkrieg toward Phnom Penh. Phnom Penh was captured . . . the Khmer Rouge leaders fled to the jungles whence they had emerged less than four years before, vowing that they would mount a new guerilla war against the enemy in Phnom Penh . . .

Rodman concludes by declaring: "By no stretch of moral logic can the crimes of mass murderers be ascribed to those who struggled to prevent their coming to power." Only by ignoring "moral logic" can Rodman, like Kissinger, invent such a formulation. Has he forgotten that it was the North Vietnamese America was fighting in 1970? The 1970-75 war did not *prevent* the Khmer Rouge coming to power; it *created* them and created the opportunity for them to come to power. Even Rodman seems to understand that, though he does not acknowledge it: His section on April 1970 is all about the North Vietnamese—the Khmer Rouge are not mentioned. Rightly, because they numbered only a few thousand then and had no hope of political power. By 1975 they were about 75,000 and Cambodian society had been overturned. Just as the Bolsheviks could come to power in Russia only after the destruction of World War I, so the Khmer Rouge were enabled to control Cambodia only by the 1970-75 war. This is one of the main points I made, and which Rodman, like Kissinger, fails to address.

• • •

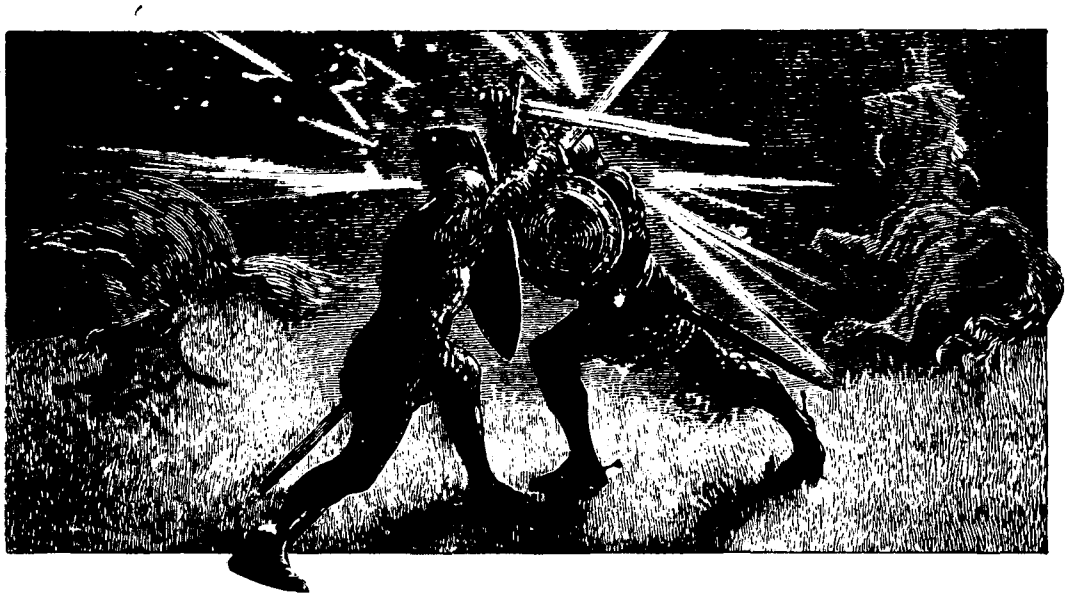
To sum up: Rodman's article, like his memorandum, like Kissinger's memoirs, does not even dent the argument of my book. It was clear to me, when I first read the memo, that the feebleness of its criticisms, and its low intellectual quality, far from devaluing *Sideshow*, vindicated it. I was pleased to be able to distribute the memo widely and to publish it in the next edition of my book. Rodman's article is no more impressive, no more damaging. Even as a hatchet job it seems to me to fail completely.

In writing *Sideshow* I did not just have access to U.S. Government and other documents. I also used masses of material already on the public record and I was given a great deal of information by many of the people I interviewed—over 300 in all. What was significant was the consistency of all the sources I used, the way in which together they made a forceful history, the integrity of which no one, least of all Rodman, has been able to undermine.

Most of those I interviewed were American officials—from Cabinet ministers, ambassadors, on down to low level soldiers, diplomats, and secretaries who had had to do with Cambodia. One of the most striking things about those who knew the country well was their almost unanimous contempt for Henry Kissinger. They blamed him for carelessness and callousness in his policies towards Cambodia and for sacrificing the country to a strategic design which was itself necessarily flawed. Reflecting this, I wrote at the end of *Sideshow* (p. 396), "Statesmen have to be judged by the consequences of their actions. Whatever Kissinger and Nixon intended for Cambodia, their efforts created catastrophe."

What is "obscene," to use Mr. Rodman's word, is not the attempt of a writer like myself to explore and explain what happened. It is the refusal of Dr. Kissinger to accept any responsibility for the results of a policy which Nixon himself called "the Nixon Doctrine in its purest form." Nothing that Kissinger has produced since the publication of *Sideshow* has shown that the grave charges I made against him were ill-founded. Rodman is no more successful. But how could he be? He is merely the sorcerer's apprentice.

Yours,
William Shawcross



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Peter W. Rodman

RODMAN RESPONDS

Sideshow: Still fraudulent after all these words.

With great abandon Mr. Shawcross flings accusations of war crimes and responsibility for three million deaths, yet he howls "smear" when someone challenges his scholarship!

I am saddened that Mr. Shawcross has reduced the debate to the level of personal abuse. My article in *The American Spectator* was a careful examination of his use of documentary sources. I found voluminous discrepancies between what the documents said and what *Sideshow* claimed they said. His "research" turned out to be filled with glaring errors, sleight of hand, and calculated omissions that amounted to suppression of inconvenient evidence that contradicted his arguments. I did commit the appalling crime of circulating an earlier draft of my findings, which obviously embarrassed him a great deal. I atoned for my sin by going public, which has upset him even more.*

Mr. Shawcross's real problem is not that he is being persecuted by the Thought Police but that he is unable to rebut any of my points. His attempt at rebuttal is as deceptive as his book. Amid all the overwrought and at times incoherent bluster, Mr. Shawcross is now in essence conceding that key arguments of the Nixon administration were true, that he has no answer to the new information revealed in the Kissinger memoirs and elsewhere, and that he has no new evidence to fill in the gaping holes that I found in his documentation.

Let me take my original points in order.

Chester Bowles: The Missing Quotation: Sihanouk's conversation with Chester Bowles in January 1968 was the earliest of many utterances in which the Cambodian chief of state invited American attacks on the illegal North Vietnamese military bases in Cambodia. In *Sideshow,* eager to show that the bombing was in defiance of Cambodia's wishes, Mr. Shawcross disputed this as "questionable."

It is interesting to watch Mr. Shawcross now in disorderly retreat, as the accuracy of the Nixon administration's account of what Sihanouk actually said has been established beyond doubt. The Kissinger memoirs quote from the verbatim transcript; my article quotes from the State Department summary. Mr. Shawcross's only excuse is that he did not have the information when he wrote his book; the truth is that Bowles published the same account ten years ago in his memoirs. The facts are now clearly in the public domain, and they destroy *Sideshow*'s argument.†

I am delighted to see Mr. Shawcross quote from his 1979 interview with Sihanouk, in which the Prince confirms yet again that he invited American bombing of the North Vietnamese sanctuaries.

That B-52s instead of fighter-bombers were used is a red herring. It made no difference to Sihanouk at the time. In his March 28, 1969 news conference, of which Shawcross makes so much, the Prince accused the *Communists* of "bring[ing] the war to our country." On the B-52 bombing which had begun ten days earlier, he took exactly the position he had told Bowles he would take: He could not endorse it publicly, even though he *really wanted us to do it.* In subsequent public remarks throughout 1969 he dropped even the pro forma criticism and virtually endorsed the bombing. In a May 13 news conference (and in an August 22 conversation with Mike Mansfield), Sihanouk professed indifference to the B-52 attacks against the North Vietnamese bases and objected only if we injured Cambodians. He became much friendlier to the United States and warmly invited Nixon to visit Phnom Penh. In a November article in his journal *Le Sangkum* he continued to complain only of *Communist* "subversion, aggression, infiltration, and occupation" of his country. In December in the same magazine he praised the Nixon Doctrine and welcomed American military power as the only hope for Cambodia's survival.

There can no longer be any doubt that American bombing of the North Vietnamese bases had the explicit and continued support of Sihanouk.

What the Chiefs' Memorandum Really Said:
One of Mr. Shawcross's principal charges in *Sideshow* was that American bombing of North Vietnamese bases wantonly risked the lives of Cambodian civilians. Since I have demonstrated that this was not true, he now assures us heatedly that he did not mean to exaggerate the danger to civilians. I take this as a welcome retraction of the clear and repeated insinuation in his book. In *Sideshow* he quoted selectively and deceptively from a 1969 memorandum of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to make precisely that accusation.

The minimal population figures he lists in fact prove my point. Mr. Shawcross, alas, still seems not to understand his own documents. The base areas he lists ranged over dozens of square miles or more; the targets of aerial attack were specific military facilities *within* those base areas. All the JCS memoranda proposing B-52 missions specified that the designated targets were kilometers away from ci-

*My earlier version was hardly anonymous. My authorship was always known and indeed announced in the press. (See, e.g., Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., "Who Destroyed Cambodia? A Season for Scapegoats," *Washington Star,* Nov. 8, 1979; Leopold Labedz, "Of Myths and Horrors," *Encounter,* Feb. 1980, p. 47.) Mr. Shawcross's reprinting it without my knowledge raises some interesting legal questions, which I am looking into. My *American Spectator* article, of course, was far more complete, detailed, and damaging. I can see why he would not dare reprint that.

†The State Department summary as released to my office under the Freedom of Information Act purported to be identical to what was released to Mr. Shawcross. It included the paragraph in question. If Mr. Shawcross's copy omitted it, I grant him that much—except that a conscientious job of research would have found it in Bowles's memoirs. And the issue, of course, is what Sihanouk said—not whether Bowles agreed with it!

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vilian habitation. And the 1973 Senate hearings provided repetitive evidence that the North Vietnamese *did not allow* Cambodians anywhere near their military complexes.

Base Area 704: The Wrong Box:
Mr. Shawcross has already admitted this blunder, and it is probably cruel of me to keep rubbing it in. In *Sideshow* he falsely accused the White House of ordering B-52 attacks against a particular base area that the Joint Chiefs had recommended against attacking because it was heavily populated by Cambodian civilians. He later admitted that the base area was *not* attacked—but he changed nothing in the book except one sentence and the label on a map. The insinuation of American barbarity was too important to the book; it remains, even though the "evidence" supporting it has been removed!

"Destabilizing" Sihanouk:
The Elusive Evidence:
If I can understand his somewhat incoherent explanation under this heading, Mr. Shawcross is essentially admitting that he has no new evidence to salvage what I demonstrated to be yet another series of unsubstantiated claims.

He is still unable to show, first of all, any American involvement in the decision of Sihanouk's own parliament and government to depose him as chief of state on March 18, 1970. He has no evidence, only surmise and insinuation. (Kissinger's memoirs present considerable documentary evidence that the United States regarded the status quo ante as the best attainable situation and was caught by surprise by the coup. William Colby, by the way, remains convinced that the Cambodians acted completely on their own *without* American involvement, and tells me that he told this to Mr. Shawcross.) And as I have shown in my article, none of the documents that Mr. Shawcross invoked in *Sideshow* supports his alternative accusation: that the U.S. bombing drove the North Vietnamese so much deeper into Cambodia in 1969-70 that it "destabilized" Sihanouk's neutralist regime. Indeed, more of his documents contradict it than support it. (For example, he foolishly cited a JCS memo that really deals with Hanoi's dispersal of *supplies* in areas *between* the base areas, not the spread of the fighting to the interior, and an article by Lon Nol complaining of increases in numbers of Viet Cong *in* the base areas, not their being driven out of them into the country. The Abrams-Symington exchange, even if quoted honestly—as I stated in my article—does not establish Mr. Shawcross's conclusion either. It says nothing about forcing the North Vietnamese to spread deeper into the country, or about undermining Sihanouk.)

The theory that our bombing brought down Sihanouk is one of the most crucial points of Mr. Shawcross's argument. The fact remains that he cannot substantiate it. On the contrary, Sihanouk's recent memoirs would seem to confirm that the Vietnamese sanctuaries remained quite limited in size until after Sihanouk was overthrown.‡ The map in *Sideshow* (p. 27) shows no change in their extent or location over the period of the bombing. The truth is that the illegal North Vietnamese sanctuaries were an affront to Cambodian dignity and a disruptive element in Cambodian politics *from the beginning* (1965)—which is why Sihanouk invited the American bombing in the first place. It was the North Vietnamese, not the Americans, who wrecked the equilibrium of neutral Cambodia.

The North Vietnamese Assault on Cambodia: The Missing Month of April:
How pleasing it is to see that Mr. Shawcross now acknowledges ("admits to be true"?) that the North Vietnamese launched major military operations throughout eastern Cambodia after Sihanouk's ouster, weeks before the U.S.-South Vietnamese incursion of April 30, 1970. This is one of the most important events in Cambodia's history. *Sideshow* somehow neglected to mention it.

Mr. Shawcross's book dealt with this whole episode dishonestly and he should not pretend otherwise. *Sideshow* fiddled with the evidence so that North Vietnamese actions appeared as minor movements for defensive purposes and as nothing more than a pretext for opportunistic American aggression. The book's excerpt from General Westmoreland's cable of April 21, 1970, for example, conveniently *omitted* the passage (quoted in my article) in which the magnitude of the North Vietnamese threat to Phnom Penh is described. Nor were the North Vietnamese "pushed" into Cambodia, as Mr. Shawcross would have us believe. The first significant South Vietnamese cross-border operation took place only at the end of March, and with Cambodian permission, as reported in the *New York Times* of March 28, 1970—roughly "simultaneously" with the beginning of the North Vietnamese march westward (as *Sideshow*, p. 130, indeed admits). In fact the North Vietnamese invasion was "provoked" only by the new Cambodian government's demand that they leave Cambodian soil.

And what is the evidence of Communist intentions in that period? Prince Sihanouk, immediately after his ouster, threw in his lot with the Communists and publicly demanded the overthrow of the new Cambodian government; on March 23, in Peking, he announced formation of a liberation army and a government-in-exile. China, North Vietnam, the Viet Cong, the Khmer Rouge, and the Pathet Lao all immediately joined in the call for the overthrow of the Cambodian government and promised assistance. Hanoi's negotiator, Le Duc Tho, in his meeting with Kissinger on April 4, rejected the American proposal for neutralization of Cambodia and demanded the overthrow of the Cambodian government. At the end of March and beginning of April, North Vietnamese troops broke out of their sanctuaries and invaded the interior of Cambodia, overrunning Cambodian towns, military posts, and lines of communication, surrounding and laying seige to Phnom Penh, the country's capital, all the while recruiting guerrillas and building up a shadow army and shadow administration to take over the country. The North Vietnamese thus *announced* their intention to overthrow the Cambodian government, and they were on the way to doing so. If Mr. Shawcross regards all this as "ambiguous," he is beyond the reach of rational argument.

The evidence of what the North Vietnamese were doing is overwhelming, unambiguous, and irrefutable. Mr. Shawcross's evasions are feeble. The Pol Pot document of 1978 is accurate on Hanoi's organization of a guerrilla army and shadow government, however "disgraceful" Mr. Shawcross finds it; it is corroborated by all other evidence including contemporary news accounts.** The North Vietnamese attacks enumerated in the Kissinger book are taken from contemporary internal reporting; many were men-

‡Prince Norodom Sihanouk, *War and Hope: The Case for Cambodia* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1980), p. 33.

**See, e.g., James P. Sterba, "North Vietnamese Reported Recruiting Guerrillas in Cambodia," *New York Times*, May 29, 1970.

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tioned in Nixon's speeches and even reported in the *New York Times*. There is simply no way for Mr. Shawcross to deny that they happened! Likewise the meeting between Le Duc Tho and Kissinger on April 4, 1970, was indeed a pivotal event. (It was the first of a dozen occasions when the United States proposed the neutralization of Cambodia, and Hanoi flatly rejected it.) The Kissinger book quotes extensively from the official transcript. Is Mr. Shawcross claiming that the conversation did not take place? He will have to come up with something better than complaining that he never heard of this evidence before, for that only confirms that he wrote his book in woeful ignorance of much of what really went on.

If some of the systems analysts on Kissinger's staff were skeptical of a North Vietnamese intention to overrun the country in April, the Asian and military experts on the staff were not. (The systems analysts were wrong on this as they were wrong on the logistical importance of Sihanoukville, a similar example of intelligence analysis influenced by dovish preferences.) Mr. Shawcross never explains what he thinks the North Vietnamese *were* up to. Perhaps he thinks a "liberation army" is formed for the purpose of tourism.

I can understand his discomfiture. He has written a book on the Cambodian war that deliberately omits the most crucial event: the North Vietnamese invasion that began it!

The Strangulation of the Cambodian Army: My point here was a very simple one and is unrebutted. Mr. Shawcross misleadingly and selectively used Generals Cleland's and Palmer's military reports to support a thesis very different from what the reports contained. Cleland and Palmer pointed out that congressional restrictions on U.S. aid and advisers are what made it impossible to remedy the Cambodian army's weaknesses and unavoidable to rely on firepower. Shawcross suppresses their analysis, attacks their reliance on firepower, but has no alternative strategy to offer—because his real argument (*Sideshow*, p. 350) is that Congress should not have allowed any help to the Cambodians at all!

This is the same issue that was involved in the NSDM 89 directive. The real difference between Shawcross and Kissinger is that Kissinger thought the free Cambodians had a right to survive, and Shawcross did not. Mr. Shawcross got his wish.

Feeling Sorry for the Khmer Rouge: Mr. Shawcross is quite proud of having written articles critical of the Khmer Rouge after April 1975. How nice. The debate, then, would seem to be between those who opposed the Khmer Rouge after 1975 and those who opposed the Khmer Rouge *before* 1975, when it could have made a difference.

Unfortunately, even that gives too much credit to Mr. Shawcross for his always guarded, qualified, half-hearted criticism of the Khmer Rouge. I have accused him of making excuses for Khmer Rouge genocide, and I maintain my view.

First, *Sideshow* is nothing if not an exercise in shifting the blame for Khmer Rouge atrocities onto others. It is not subtitled "The Khmer Rouge and the Destruction of Cambodia" (or even "The North Vietnamese and the Destruction of Cambodia") but "Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia." Mr. Shawcross's "explanation" of Khmer Rouge behavior is always in terms of their response to dirty deeds done to them by others. In his famous paragraph on page 389 of *Sideshow*, the brutality of the Khmer Rouge in April 1975 is explained as the inevitable result of their "fear," their "rage to avenge their fallen comrades," and the "punishment" they had "endured" at the hands of the Americans. In fact, American bombing had ended twenty months before the Khmer Rouge carried out their systematic murder and destruction after victory in April 1975. As for the North Vietnamese, how their 1978 invasion of Cambodia could have prompted the Khmer Rouge to murder three million of their own people in 1975 is beyond me.

If Mr. Shawcross considers this a "singularly earnest and beautiful" analysis, I consider it an obvious evasion. The explanation he ignores—or rather suppresses—is the one explanation stressed clearly by two of his principal documentary sources: that the Khmer Rouge's motivation was ideological; that they *intended all along* to destroy Cambodian society in order to reconstruct it according to their fanatical theories. Kenneth Quinn showed that they carried out the same totalitarian practices systematically, as a deliberate act of policy, in all areas they controlled as early as 1971. Their early efforts were limited only by their limited means—as Shawcross's quotation from Quinn confirms! Khmer Rouge brutality increased as time passed because their power and territorial control increased as time passed. Father François Ponchaud was exactly on the mark when he described Khmer Rouge atrocities as "a perfect example of the application of an ideology pushed to the furthest limit of its internal logic."

These authors understood the Khmer Rouge with a clarity that Mr. Shawcross deliberately avoids. *Sideshow* did tell us, for example, about Khieu Samphan's doctoral thesis, written in Paris in 1959, which called for the wholesale uprooting and reshaping of Cambodian society. But Mr. Shawcross hastened to assure us that "the methods . . . prescribed . . . were essentially moderate" (*Sideshow*, p. 243) —the implication being that there could not possibly be a connection between this totalitarian doctrine of 1959 and the very same policy implemented with savagery in 1975!

Of course the Khmer Rouge grew from nothing. But it was the North Vietnamese who built them up as a military power and contributed decisively to their victory. Sihanouk makes this point at excruciating length in his memoirs, describing the logistical, materiel, training, artillery, and tank support provided to the Khmer Rouge by Hanoi.†† Had we turned Cambodia over to the North Vietnamese in 1970, as Mr. Shawcross urges, not only would South Vietnam and the 400,000 American troops there have been put in serious jeopardy, but the North Vietnamese would have had to resort to the Khmer Rouge to help govern Cambodia just as they resorted to the Khmer Rouge to help prosecute the war. The consequences for Cambodia would have been the same. The Vietnamese never objected to the Khmer Rouge's internal policies, only to their independence of Hanoi.

I can only guess at Mr. Shawcross's motives for trying to cover up the premeditated, ideological origins of the Khmer Rouge genocide. That his key sources had "almost unanimous contempt for Henry Kissinger" is a good clue to the personal bias that animated his whole enterprise. He is free to write a hatchet job on Henry Kissinger any time he wants. He should not pretend, however, that it is a serious history of Cambodia.

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One final point, on the alleged unconstitutionality of the President's conduct of the Indochina war. Mr. Shawcross simply asserted this in various places in *Sideshow*, without analysis. It is interesting how he

††Sihanouk, above, pp. 14-15, 20-21, 25-27, 71-72.

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seems to wheel it out as a deus ex machina when other arguments fail, as in his reply here on the Chester Bowles conversation. Indeed he seems to rely on it more and more in his recent writings—as if conscious that his thesis about Cambodia is crumbling under the counter-evidence. (*Whatever* Nixon really did in Cambodia, it was wrong!)

American constitutional law is a subject Mr. Shawcross obviously knows nothing about. The Supreme Court of the United States, which usually decides such questions, never declared any aspect of the war unconstitutional; it stayed far away from an issue so clearly political. Nor did the U.S. Congress ever legislate such a view (only an antiwar minority espoused it). Key legislative leaders were consulted on the bombing of Cambodia under informal procedures for covert military operations that had been customary since the Lewis and Clark expedition; the House Judiciary Committee in 1974 *rejected* an article of impeachment on this issue by more than two-to-one. And, of course, four Presidents over fifteen years regarded their actions as a proper exercise of the commander-in-chief's power. Mr. Shawcross can set himself up as a Lawgiver over and above the three branches of government in this country; but his claim has no legal authority whatsoever. It is a fringe theory of the antiwar Left. Indeed, it is plain wrong. The balance of strength between the Executive and Congress in foreign affairs has been tested and shaped in political struggles over 200 years. Presidential powers exist whether Mr. Shawcross approves or not. If Franklin Roosevelt had followed such a constricted theory of executive authority before Pearl Harbor, Mr. Shawcross would have grown up speaking German.

Sideshow, in short, is a fraud. □

Don Herzog

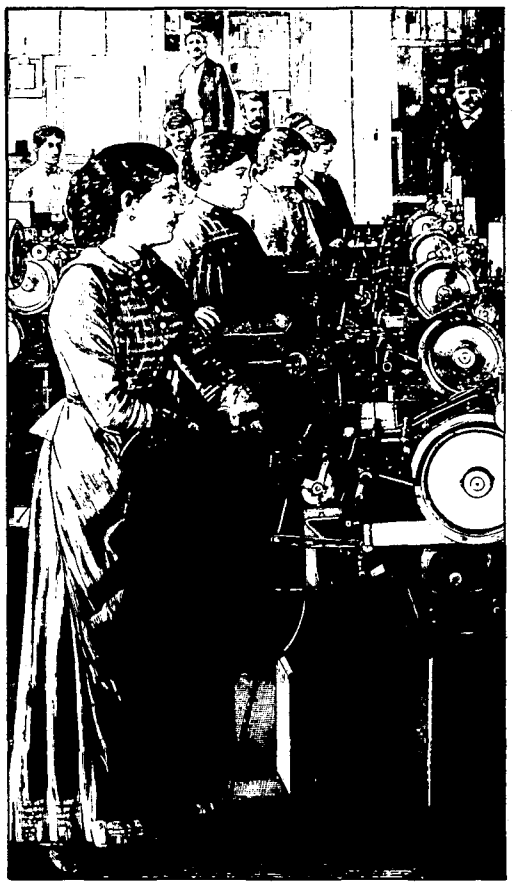
MICHEL FOUCAULT AND THE PULLULATIONS OF POWER

Power is all around, no need to waste it.

I first encountered Michel Foucault my sophomore year in college, in a European intellectual history class. The professor, an emphatically obscure fellow with a mystagogical penchant for lending dramatic emphasis to conjunctions and prepositions, made it clear, I suppose, that this Foucault was shamefully unknown in America. "In France," he offered disdainfully, "one would not introduce the writings . . . *of* . . . Foucault."

Eureka! thought this eager young man I am told is an earlier incarnation of myself. I/he was delighted to discover we would read *Madness and Civilization,* a study of the creation of the "mentally ill." The book, the professor intoned, was wretchedly translated, an unspeakable abridgment—an abortion. Sigh. "But it will have . . . *to* do." The eager young man, functionally illiterate in French, sighed too. He had no choice.

The book was puzzling. No. The book was utterly mysterious. It obviously warranted straightaway consignment to the bowels of some musty used bookstore crammed with works only a paper mill might purchase. Yet the book exercised some phantom attraction. It beckoned invitingly over lazy afternoon coffee and sedulous evening pinball. Blithely unconcerned with the previous contours of my life, it pulled me away from the piano and even curtailed my hours of sleep. Foucault's prose wandered on aimlessly: Mere sentences described dizzying spirals, leaving pullulating subordinate clauses in their wake; I dare not try to describe the acrobatic feats of the paragraphs. "*Stultifera Navis,*" proclaimed the first chapter. Surely this was the stuff of genius. Surely only the unyielding abominations of abridgment and translation stood between my sophomoric self and the transforming intellectual experience which would anchor my inchoate reveries.



My French is still quite clumsy, but the translation, I find now, is quite good. And Foucault prepared the abridgment. But while I have read a good deal more Foucault, his prose still wanders, and I still lose myself in unblushingly oblique metaphors. Should I wish, as I do, to suggest that Foucault is worth reading, I had better step back a pace or two.

Conservatives and libertarians regularly insist on a fundamental dividing line between state and private action. Politics, they claim, is the stuff of coercion, the exercise of power; outside politics, free individuals come to voluntary arrangements redounding to their mutual benefit. We should, they go on, be especially wary of proposals to augment state power, however worthy the ends may seem, for the means necessarily invoked on their behalf are vicious. Worse yet, the state, feeding on increased activity, grows hungrier for still more power. Politics always threatens to swallow up the voluntaristic dealings of individuals, so beneficial, so inherently praiseworthy. Those on the Left either misunderstand or underestimate market institutions, and should, once educated, see the error of their ways. In the hands of some theorists—Tocqueville, say, or Hayek—the picture is painted in a

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subtle, elegant way, and attains no little compelling rigor. Once we accept such a contrast, the limited state, or even anarchism, beckons. Who would embrace Tocqueville's nightmare of an all-powerful, paternalistic state, ministering skillfully to the needs of isolated individuals incapable of ennobling joint action?

I first questioned these views while working one summer as a stockboy in a swimming pool store. I had been reading Ludwig von Mises' *Human Action,* and was prepared to meet free individuals. I was rudely surprised. The manager, a harried, bespectacled fellow with an unerring eye for the flagging worker, barked out the most incomprehensible orders. "Uh, Don, why don't you, uh, move all the boxes in the back, uh, a little closer to the wall." Two hours later, I had expended perhaps a quart of sweat and moved all the boxes. The owner, meanwhile, came storming through the double doors and erupted. The boxes, I gathered by riveting my attention on the occasional coherent phrases bubbling up from the black fury of this energetically obese capitalist, were too close to the wall, and the dripping water from the leaks in the roof might run down the wall, and—aha!—mar the boxes, which might then be spurned by customers. Chalk up two more hours and another quart.

I learned that one obeyed the owner and manager without question, hoped not to be caught in the crossfire of their remarkably frequent disagreements, and stood always ready for an unjustifiable volley of abuse from the owner (or, worse yet, his odiously fat son). I was, no doubt, free in the marketplace—free to join the ranks of the unemployed, free to let myself be ordered around in some other job by another owner, manager, foreman, or petty dictator. I was, no doubt, very much the object of an uncomfortably palpable and almost frivolous exercise of power. Von Mises became increasingly puzzling. I remembered that my high school classrooms were not the most liberating places known to humankind. My teachers were intent on maintaining some semblance of order so they could teach us a smattering of math, science, and American exceptionalism—or did they teach to maintain order? We engineered fabulously complex plots to escape French and study hall. We forged passes, victimized substitute teachers, and transferred unimaginable quantities of hostility, fear, and boredom into soccer during gym. Even the family, nurtured by generations of diligent conservative applause, was tainted by power, sometimes blunt, generally masked, always present. I suddenly found it difficult to think of a social institution not permeated by power.

Now, granted political power is different, more dramatic. The state, as political theorists of all stripes have reminded us, claims the right of life and death. But we need to take seriously the idea that society is shot through with power, that power is an essential ingredient in social interaction, that it structures roles and behavior in all spheres of life. And so we need to sound out the conceptual contours of power, to develop a theory of power showing just what power is, how it is gained, lost, used, abused. There are stray insights in the literature of political science. The low men on the bureaucratic totem pole may exercise power over those on top by following all the rules and so forcing the organization to grind to a halt. Or conversely, they may exercise power by acting unpredictably and so forcing decision-makers to take their vagaries into account. But there is, so far as I know, no good theory of power.

"In political theory," Foucault has written, "we have not yet cut off the head of the king." The point, I think, is well taken. We tend to cast power as lying in the hands of some all-powerful figure—the state, the boss, the teacher, the parent—who proceeds to prevent helpless underlings from doing what they want to. And so we might be led to extend this putatively political understanding of power to social domains, in ways which wouldn't illuminate matters. Foucault wishes to complicate our understanding of power; and while his contributions leave us still somewhat short of a full-fledged theory of power, they are valuable. I want here simply to set out some of Foucault's insights.•

To start with, we have to forget the omnicompetent figure bending us to his will; and we have to forget him in politics as well as society. Power is more diffuse, more interactive. It's not that I exercise power over you, but rather that power structures the relationship between us, in ways affecting both of us. Even a slave may contour his master's behavior, by obeying readily after being beaten instead of branded, or by sulking. The point is not that all of us share some wonderfully egalitarian allotment of power, but that even the apparently meek and helpless—the prisoner, the institutionalized "mentally ill," the child—exercise power.

We have to forget too the stereotypically Freudian conception of power as always repressive, denying, saying no. Foucault is at his best here in challenging some of the more tiresome pieties of the Left—that, say, repression is the theoretical key to understanding what's wrong with sex and politics alike. Repression, Foucault argues in the opening volume of his *History of Sexuality,* is too simplistic a category to capture anything of the richness and complexity of power as it actually operates in the world. Power is rather often a constructive force. One of the many ties Foucault wants to establish between power and knowledge is that power is used to compel us to produce "true discourses" about ourselves, in confession, psychoanalysis, and disciplinary mechanisms involving examinations of all sorts. Such knowledge may then serve to reinforce the hold of power. Here as elsewhere, Foucault wants to dismantle the humanist idea that knowledge is the enemy of power, and enlightenment will set us free. Bacon saw knowledge of the physical world as the means of power; Foucault thinks

• See especially Michel Foucault, *Power/Knowledge: Selected Interviews & Other Writings, 1972-1977.* Edited by Colin Gordon. Pantheon $12.95/$5.95.

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the same is true of the human world.

A bit perversely, Foucault insists that we may find power without anyone exercising it, even power whose exercise serves no one. I'd like to borrow an example from Max Weber to make the point. Weber argued that early Protestants saw in worldly asceticism a magnificent opportunity to serve the Lord and deal with the unfathomable loneliness of Calvinist predestination. Ever ploughing mounting business receipts back into business, lest he be corrupted, the successful Protestant entrepreneur attained knowledge of the unknowable: His success was a sign that he was one of the elect. The ruthless rationalizing efforts of such entrepreneurs, and later those sharing their psychology if not their religious beliefs, forced other businessmen, whether Protestant or not, terribly diligent or not, to join in the incessant practice of double-entry bookkeeping and all the rest of capitalist rationality. Otherwise they were driven out of business. The Protestant entrepreneurs died out; work is no longer a calling; yet we still have to play the game, though it has no meaning for any of us. Weber bitterly attacked the "iron cage" this historical process caught us in. I don't mean to defend his account here, but should anything like it be correct, we have an example of power without gain or conscious exercise. Power in the competition of the marketplace is built into the logic of profit and loss, right along with economic rationality. One could imagine (though here, I fear, we depart exotically from contemporary American society) a whole society of reluctant capitalists, each of whom would love to meander through economic life with far less rigor, no one of whom can afford to take the risk.

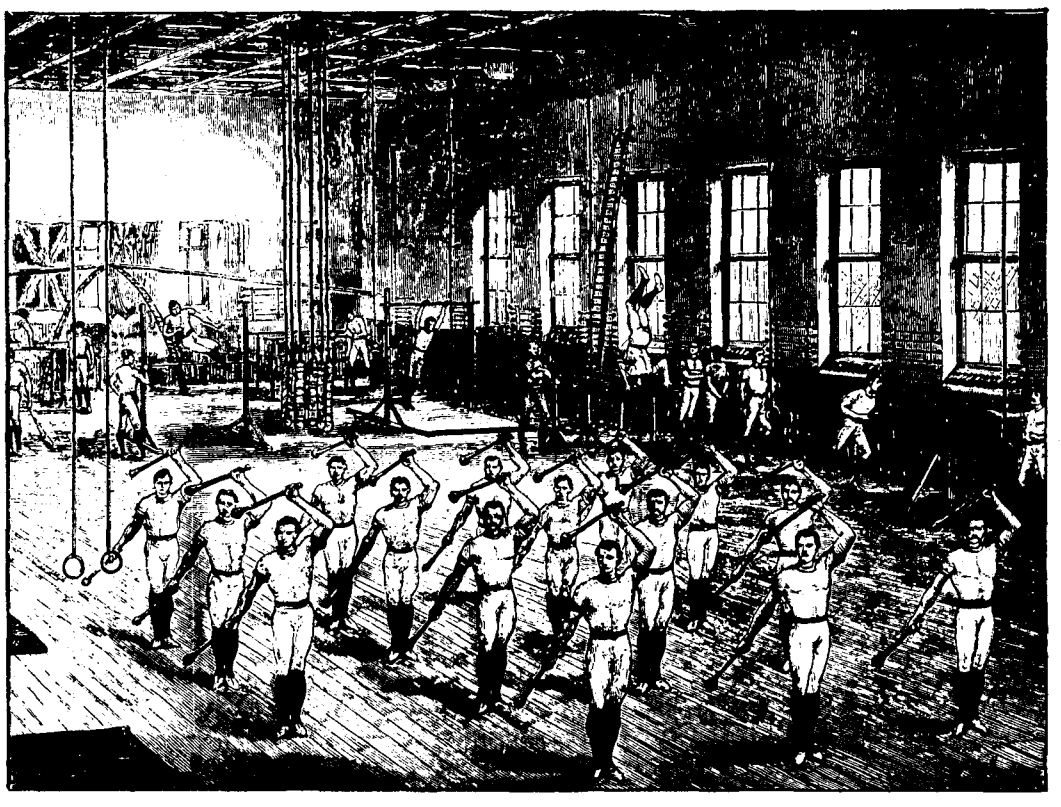
Finally, for Foucault power is everywhere. There are no privileged domains in society where people confront each other in relationships unmediated by power. It may well be that state power is different from that of other institutions. But the world of free agents cooperating voluntaristically, on Foucault's view, would have to be a myth, itself a piece of "knowledge" twisting our understanding and actions. (To invoke another rusty category Foucault indicts, we might call it ideology.)

Unaccountably missing from Foucault's thinking about power is the special place authority holds in buttressing power relationships. We are very good at cloaking domination in the respectful garb of authority. The state, the capitalist, the teacher, all rule by right. We are obliged to obey them all. Or so we believe. It is appallingly easy to poke holes in the arguments which purport to justify their authority (just as it is appallingly seldom one encounters arguments against them). Yet we cling to the aura of legitimacy so stubbornly that many will deny even that there is power here at all. Now, it seems undeniable that a foreman exercises power over an assembly-line worker, an office manager over the office workers. There are even certain rituals—wearing ties, say—which must be adhered to, though we may find it impossible to assign responsibility for the rule. Such power may be defensible (though it may not be). Surely we ought to start by recognizing its prevalence. We need then also to understand the social and psychological mechanisms of authority, the ways in which people come to accept domination as legitimate. I simply don't know why Foucault is pursuing power and ignoring authority, any more than I know how he managed to write a study of prisons (*Discipline and Punish*) without ever probing the retributive theory of punishment.

Power/Knowledge, I must note, is a somewhat flimsy "book," an episodic collection of interviews and essays. The book commences, incredibly, with a thirty-five page discussion with some Maoists, on whether the people should employ people's courts after the revolution to try their oppressors. (Foucault is of the opinion they should skip the charade and start the shooting.) This dubious piece of science fiction testifies, I suppose, to the endurance of certain ideas and the concerns of the French intellectual Left; but it is all too dreary. The book ends with an exegesis of Foucault by the editor, a piece often as baffling as the writing of the master himself. Most of the pieces in between seem rather ho-hum, at best. But in "Two Lectures," Foucault traces, somewhat obscurely of course, his own concerns. And in "Powers and Strategies," he offers some biting strictures on understanding the Gulag. He insists, rightly I think, that it is irrelevant to argue that Marxist texts have been ignored, or to look for causes of the Gulag "as a sort of disease or abcess, an infection, degeneration or involution," or to say that the Gulag represents a false socialism, or that it is everywhere and so is not a special problem. Although, comments Foucault, "it has to be posed for every *socialist* country, insofar as none of these since 1917 has managed to function without a more-or-less developed Gulag system." Foucault's approach is to see what the Gulag does *for* Soviet society, how it fits in.

I urge those still reading and interested to skip this collection. If transitory essays inspire you, read Cornell University Press's collection, *Language, Counter-Memory, Practice,* which is more philosophical and more sustained. But above all I'd recommend *History of Sexuality*, volume 1, almost all about power; and *Discipline and Punish.* The world as rendered by Foucault here is threatening, methodical, ruthless, even nightmarish. A world that one might well brush off as an unpleasant phantasm. A world that may well be ours.

The heroically Burkean response is available. Arguably, we shouldn't delve into these subjects. A touch (or even a healthy dose) of mystification is a valuable thing. If the power-free world of libertarian thought is a fiction, well, it's a valuable fiction. The truth is unbearable, and will unleash our dread passions. Only the veneer of sentiment, tradition, and manners prevents the struggle for power from engulfing everything. (Well, a patina of Menckenesque prose may help here too.) The grim truth of the matter is simple: The truth is not always useful. I confess that I'm not sure what to make of this hard truth. I would certainly like to see a good argument for it. Here as elsewhere, the whispering bearers of grim truths make their own power plays, encouraging the rest of us to be silent and accede to their terms. □



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I'LL BE LYING AT STATE

by Michael Ledeen

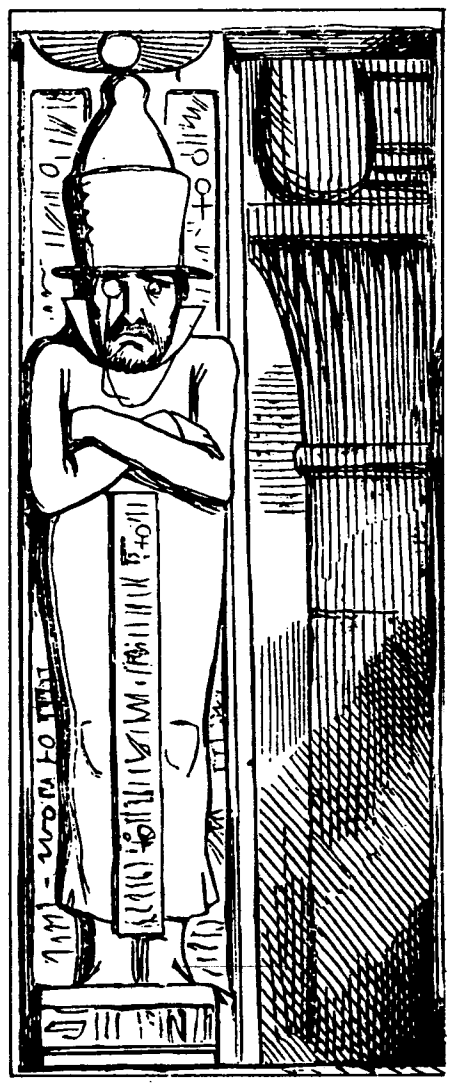
From the *Washington Post,* recently stung by the discovery it had not checked its stories carefully enough, comes a new phenomenon in journalistic ethics: the double-whammy sandbag. On Saturday, May 16, the *Post* printed a story on the third page signed by Kathy Sawyer. It began, "A Labor Department official yesterday revealed a list of tentative regulatory changes . . ." At the end of the first paragraph we learn that the source "allowed himself to be taped [sic!] . . . but asked that his name not be used . . ." Fair enough (aside from the grammar, but that is the subject of another, longer, column), but then the *Post* printed a photograph with the unusual caption, "Labor official who briefed reporters under a condition his name not be used."

The point, I suppose, is that the next time you talk to a journalist from the *Post,* and wish to remain anonymous, you had better say, "you can't use my name, my picture, a tape recording of my voice, or any other identifying element. . . ." The result of operations like Kathy Sawyer's is that sources in the government will simply stop talking to the *Post.* And since the *Post* is something of a bellwether, alas, I expect to see other papers using the double-whammy sandbag: Promise a source confidentiality, and then print his picture.

If you read on in the *Post* of May 16 to page 10, you will find a story with a headline: "Haig Charges on New El Salvador Arms Flow Called Exaggerated." The first paragraph and the first sentence of the second paragraph are strikingly similar to the beginning of the Sawyer story (the page 10 article was signed by John M. Goshko):

> Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig Jr.'s recent charges about big new arms shipments from Cuba to the leftist guerrillas in El Salvador are an exaggerated picture of the situation, according to U.S. officials familiar with intelligence from Central America.
>
> These officials, who declined to be identified, are in the State Department and the intelligence community.

There are no pictures of the officials from State and CIA. Now perhaps the *Post* tried hard to get photographs, and simply couldn't get them by deadline, but I doubt it. Respect for the rules thus seems to depend upon the editor's attitude toward the source and the story. The guy in the Labor Department wasn't liked, for some reason, while the leakers from State and CIA were protected. I have a guess, but only that: I think the Labor guy was carrying out orders, and that the *Post* didn't want to give the administration the privilege of "using" the press on a background basis (lots of good journalists and editors rail against such practices). The second story was anti-administration and anti-Haig, and so the sources got full protection. You may be certain that Ben ("Janet Cooke's a hell of a writer") Bradlee would go all the way to the Supreme Court to protect Goshko's sources. But the Labor Department spokesman got sandbagged without mercy.



Such practices will destroy us all, for they demonstrate that there are no longer any reliable standards in the journalistic profession, and that protection of sources, respect for "background," etc., depend in all likelihood on the caprice of a given editor or journalist. If it grows unchecked, this attitude will soon lead to a war of all against all, where each faction will have its own set of loyal journalists and editors. In many foreign countries, this war in the press merely reinforces the fractiousness of the broader political culture. That it is spreading here is cause for profound alarm.

Some of our friends in Europe have noticed this trend, and have drawn the obvious conclusions. In an article written for *Le Matin* (Paris), Professor Michael Palmer of the University of Aston observes that while the American press may have reason to believe it is a veritable counterpower, "there are journalists who have mounted such enormous hoaxes that they leave one gasping." Palmer notes that hoaxes—or worse—are now widespread. In the case of Northern Ireland, an American journalist fabricated the existence of a British soldier, while international photographers (mostly French, according to Palmer), paid Irish children to stone—or worse—British soldiers. To round off the picture, the newspaper in Britain that denounced these ghastly procedures was none other than the *Daily Mail,* which itself had just paid enormous sums for the stories of the relatives and friends of Mr. Peter Sutcliffe, the new British "ripper."

• • •

Mary McGrory Department: I have a soft spot for Mary McGrory. She was one of the most honest columnists during the last presidential campaign, she has real spirit, and she loves Italy, as do I. So when she took off for Rome for the *Washington Star* to cover the assassination attempt on the Pope, I was pleased. The results, however, have been mediocre-to-embarrassing. In her column from Rome published in the *Star* on Sunday, May 24, she gave a supercilious, faintly bemused treatment of a scandal that two days later brought down the Italian government. In the course of her ruminations, McGrory botched the name of Italy's leading newspaper (making it *La* Corriere della Sera rather than *Il* Corriere. . .), and she cheerfully accepted press accounts of a list of supposed members of a supposedly secret lodge of Italian Masonry. She did not say "alleged members," and piously concluded her coverage by stating "the real question is not whether Italy will go communist, but if its public officials will ever go straight." One might have hoped she would have waited for some convictions, rather than accept the street wisdom that all the accused (900-odd individuals) were involved in some chicanery.

Worse by far was her treatment of the attempted assassination of the Pope a few days earlier. Here we learn that the would-be assassin "is clearly a fascist," although the intelligence officials in Western Europe—and the Italian police—have reached no such conclusion. We also hear that "the Italians . . . are extremely sensitive about their inability to catch their own terrorists, including the murderers of Aldo Moro . . ." Yet the accused murderers of Moro are currently in prison, awaiting trial, along with more than 1500 other accused terrorists, facts that McGrory apparently didn't dig out.

Awards for the Month: The best column comes from Ellen Goodman, who pondered the conflict between the desire to have our doctors, lawyers, and other professionals be compulsive workers, and the desire to have our husbands and wives be normal, well-rounded people. "No

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body wants to be married to a doctor who works weekends and makes house calls at 2 o'clock in the morning. But every patient would like to find one. . . ."

The award for wish-fulfillment goes to all those correspondents who believed François Mitterrand's cabinet to be "moderate" rather than "radical." The *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* failed to tell their readers that Mitterrand had selected the infamous Regis Debray (hagiographer of Che Guevara) as one of his top aides. The fact of the matter is that no one who knows France well feels inclined to make any definitive statements yet about the new Socialist government, and this sense of uncertainty should have been the keynote of our reportage.

Reflections: As I will shortly be working in the State Department, this will be my last "Presswatch" for a while. As you will have gathered, I feel that the press is in terrible shape in this country, and the poor state of the press helps the government perform badly, since the government has to cater to the needs and follies of the journalists. If I had to summarize my concerns, I would say that journalists have lost sight of one of their many obligations: to transmit simply to the citizenry the thoughts and actions of the government. While the press should not always be merely a passive transmission belt, it should do that a good deal of the time. The lust for scandal is currently far too great, and the drive for "scoops" too overpowering, for the press to pay attention to simple reportage. Consequently, far too much of what appears in printed and broadcast journalism is simply politics by another name. Just as Walter Lippmann observed repeatedly, there is a sort of Gresham's law at work in the media: Shabby ideas drive out good ones, and high quality becomes ever rarer. The passing of John Osborne, the one and only high-class White House correspondent left in America, marked the end of the great era of American journalism. □

NEW ALBION

by Douglas Bartholomew

"What beauty can compare to that of a cantina in the early morning?"
—Geoffrey Firmin (The Consul),
from *Under the Volcano*
by Malcolm Lowry

Good drinking, as the Consul and Malc Lowry himself would attest, is an art. It requires a degree of creativity to sustain, matched with like quantities of stamina. Nor is it a pastime for the timid. It demands a lusty thirst and a sense of proportion to keep one's drought in check. For what he lacked in proportion, the bibulous Lowry nonetheless compensated with an uncanny knack for surrounding himself with imbibers of a like-minded perspective—surely another requisite. Finally, good drinking requires, above all, a good brew.

Brewing, however, is a science. Like all sciences today, it has fallen on hard times. The commercial demands of crossing hundreds or thousands of miles and languishing unconsumed in saloons or package stores for weeks or months often dictates the use of pasteurization, heading agents, enzymes, or antibiotics in production of the modern-day beer or ale.

The beauty that can compare to the Consul's beloved Farolito is that of a brewery making ale, porter, and stout according to the old ways—in the early morning. The reader should be cautioned here, though. I consumed my first stout at Jack McAuliffe's New Albion Brewery in Sonoma, California, at nine o'clock on a dewy Saturday morning in March. In all fairness, I must confess that prior to this sumptuous occasion, your correspondent's only experience with early morning consumption occurred a decade ago at 7:15 a.m. on a Saturday in Peru (pronounced PEE-ROO), Indiana. As a daily newspaper reporter, I witnessed, between gulps of warm Bud at the Rainbow Bar on Broadway, a charwoman in the act of mopping a pool of coagulated blood. A woman had been involved—as is often the case in these occurrences—and her male companion's chest had been mistaken as a strop for a straight razor. Such is the tutelage of one who would assume the dubious charge of scribe of saloons.

Jack's place, while not a saloon per se, is guaranteed to intrigue anyone seriously concerned with good drinking. The brewery is situated a mile or so east of the town of Sonoma in the heart of California vineyard country. Once a haven for Jack London and later for bands of hippies in the 1960s, the town today is beset with busloads of fisheyed tourists whose zeal in sampling its quaint boutiques, prized cheese, and tasty loaves of sourdough is matched only by an army of fleas on a pariah dog.

Fortunately, New Albion has little, if anything, to do with the town, save when the feisty McAuliffe chases from the premises a stray leisure-suited, patent-leathered L.A. type who has found his way to the brewery in a futile attempt to taste Sonoma's homegrown brew. This is not a vineyard; there are no "tastings" offered here. One may drink at the brewery only if properly sanctioned, that is to say, brought into the New Albion fold. This apparent cliquishness, wholeheartedly fostered by McAuliffe and his hard-working clan, limits consumption of the brewery's products on the premises via sale or gift. No matter, for the ale, porter, and stout of New Albion vintage can be had—at prices ranging from $1.20 to $1.50 or more per bottle—at any number of drinking establishments in San Francisco and environs.

And Jack's brew is not to be missed, especially the porter. The porter is a mellifluous blend, a richly hued amber liquid that is cloudy because of final fermentation in the bottle. It combines the best of New Albion's heavier, darker stout and the light bodied, traditional ale. The stout is, typically, bitter and throaty, yet somehow lacking in the classic bite of the ubiquitous Guinness. All three "beers," as McAuliffe is wont to lump them, are fully natural, embodying only malt, hops, yeast, and water.

There are two visual characteristics that are idiosyncratic to the New Albion brews. The first is their opacity when decanted from bottle to glass. This quality is a result of the brewery's slow fermentation in the bottle—a process that takes five weeks in a chilling cellar at the brewery. Since they are not stabilized by sterile filtration or heat (as in pasteurization), the beers continue to live in the bottle during delivery and when consumed. Invariably, upon emptying a New Albion bottle, there is a thin, irregular coat of yeast that has formed and stuck to the inner bottom.

The second curio is the label on the bottle, depicting a ship precariously navigating between what appear to be two icebergs. The ship, McAuliffe informs me, is Sir Francis Drake's vessel the *Golden Hinde*. Drake, who is said to have discovered California, called the land "New Albion" in honor of his homeland, and claimed it for Queen Elizabeth I. Having read of the Albion Brewing Company, a turn-of-the-century brewery operating in San Francisco until the twenties, McAuliffe thought it fitting to revive a local tradition.

So much for the history. As for the present, I am on my second porter after a stout for breakfast, upon which the master brewer insisted. The stream of characters who inhabit the brewery on a given Saturday has begun to flow, as has the day's wort from the mash tun to the brewing vat in the tiny two-story brewhouse behind the office. As McAuliffe, morning stout in hand, observes, "People do like to stop here and chat. There's a nice feeling about this place."

First there is Sal, the brewery's "designer," an energetic fellow with a wry countenance who does etchings. Today he carries a book-length computer printout of gags, which he begins reciting to McAuliffe, vice president and brewster Suzanne Stern, and me. The brewery's shutterbug stops in, bearing photos of a recent party (New Albion products in

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evidence) for the staff. Then comes Al, a personable man of some apparent means. He extends to me an invitation to the Third New Albion Pig Roast at his mountain retreat in June, where the owner of San Francisco's Anchor Steam Brewery is to be present. Asked his opinion of Anchor Steam, McAuliffe feigns ignorance. Later, when pressed, he launches into his generic tirade against the products of larger, commercial brewers, then backs off. "I don't want to tell people what to do," he says. He admits he once received a letter from a major brewer's association mildly exhorting him—like a good "light beer" should—not to demean the products of his larger and more established brethren. "There's lots of room in this world for all kinds of people," McAuliffe says. "Our beer is not for everybody. It's bitter, and lots of people don't like the way it tastes. But any pasteurized or filtered ale cannot be classified as real ale."

Although they are frowned upon, visitors to New Albion find their way around the side of the corrugated structure housing the brewery to the office, a room the size of a garage. It contains a single large desk (reminiscent of this writer's own garage sale leftover), a four-ton safe of Midas proportions that McAuliffe found in a dump after it had been "peeled" open by nocturnal visitors to a local jewelry, and a bookcase whose contents include such classic tomes as *100 Years of Brewing* (1903), *The Complete Practical Brewer* (1852), Pasteur's *Studies on Fermentation* (1879), *Textbook on the Science of Brewing* (1891), and *Preparation of Malt and Fabrication of Beer* (1882). These are not for show, but are used daily. McAuliffe is resolutely dedicated to refining the practical science of brewing to personal perfection; he soon will sign on a new member of the brewery staff, a young man with a degree in fermentation science from the University of California at Davis. This will, the brewmaster boasts, "give us a real good technical corps here."

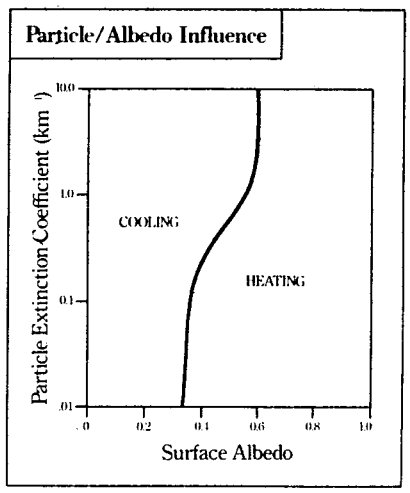
A ringing telephone jars my stouted and portered senses. Boulder Brewing, a small Colorado outfit just getting started, wants tips on bottling. McAuliffe winces. His advice comes cheap, if grudgingly, but as he well knows, bottling is expensive. At New Albion, Wednesday is bottling day. On bottling day, three workers are assigned to the day-long task of washing, filling, capping, and labeling.

Washing takes place beneath a roofed but unwalled structure adjacent to the brewery, where lurks a white contraption the size of a small cabin cruiser. This is the bottle washer. Called a D & L six-wide soaker-hydro, this mechanical beast consists of innumerable gears, wheels, flanges, and locomotive-type arms surrounding an enclosed inner honeycomb of holes, curtains of rubber straps, and endless lengths of conveyor. The machine appears to have no beginning nor end, nor any reasonable purpose behind its design. Yet McAuliffe, who saved it from an ignominious death as scrap for a mere $150 (the latest model soaker-hydro will set you back $10,000, sans options), assures me that it cleanses and sanitizes hundreds of bottles in succession while simultaneously stripping each of its label. Nearby stand stacks of cases of empties awaiting holy Wednesday and their turn in the baptismal waters of the great soaker-hydro. New Albion bottles, incidentally, are of the standard dark brown twelve-ounce export type. They are returnable, and few New Albion drinkers are so foolish as to employ them as ammunition against Golden State scenery.

In the brewhouse, the first wort runoff from the mash tun is starchy. The dark, opaque liquid runs from

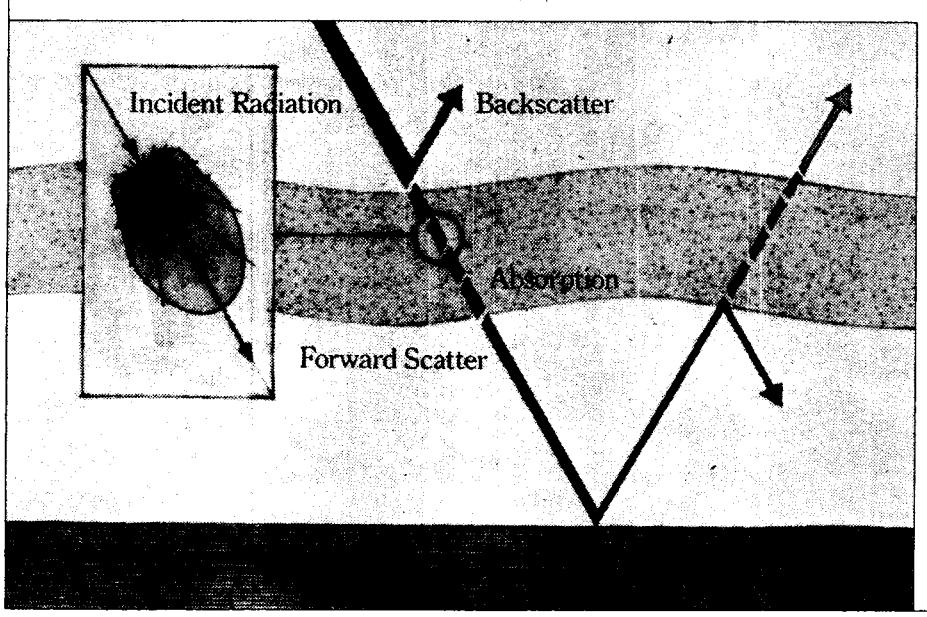
The Albedo Effect

Mathematical models of the atmosphere are the chief scientific tools for predicting long-term climate and identifying possible climatic changes that may result from man's activities. Recent advances at the General Motors Research Laboratories have revealed new information about the contribution of airborne particles to the delicate thermal balance of the earth's atmosphere.



Regions of heating and cooling determined by particle characteristics and surface albedo.

Radiation scattering exhibited by a layer of particles. The inset shows the distribution of scattering by a single particle of mean size.



DEVOID of its atmosphere, the bare earth would reach an average temperature of only −1°C. Atmospheric interaction with solar and terrestrial radiation raises the average surface temperature to fifteen degrees Celsius, making life as we know it possible. Small fluctuations in overall temperature can have large-scale effects. It is believed that a drop of a few degrees Celsius lasting for a period as short as four years could trigger an ice age. Fundamental studies conducted at the General Motors Research Laboratories explore the effect of various atmospheric factors, natural and man-made, on the earth's thermal balance.

New knowledge of the influence of airborne particles on the earth's thermal balance has been revealed by investigations carried out by Dr. Ruth Reck. Dr. Reck's work at General Motors integrated for the first time the complex factor of particles into radiative-convective atmospheric models. Her findings help determine under what conditions particles have a cooling influence, and under what conditions they have a heating influence.

Airborne particles have many sources: volcanic issue, wind-raised dust and sea salt, ash, soot, direct and indirect products of combustion and industrial processing, the products of the decay of plant and animal life, the liquid droplets and ice crystals that make up clouds. Particles alter the radiation flow in the atmosphere by the processes of scattering and absorption. Particles differ by size and composition, factors which determine optical properties.

Prior to Dr. Reck's work, models for calculating the vertical temperature profile included layers of clouds and the significant gases—O_2, O_3, H_2O and CO_2—but neglected the particle factor. To establish the thermal effect of particles, later models assumed a uniform vertical temperature change.

Dr. Reck's contribution was to add the particle factor to a one-dimensional model developed at the Geophysical Fluid Dynamics Laboratory at Princeton University. This model divides the atmosphere into nine layers. An initial temperature distribution is assumed, and the model is used to compute the net radiative energy

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the run through a transparent plastic tube to a stainless steel pail, where it collects, and Stern offers me a taste. It is at once sweet and tart. This part of the brewing process is known as sparging the grains. The drained off or sparged contents in the pail are poured back in the tun, to be processed once more until the starch has been broken down sufficiently for the wort to run clear.

Back in the office, I am englufed by the pungent aroma of old books and ale brewing, a smell at once felicitous and evocative of a time when men wore handlebar mustaches, women covered their bodies in puffy things that challenged the male imagination, and saloons were places of splendid isolation, of escape, as it were, from the sobering realities of domestic vicissitude.

McAuliffe is expounding on work and the necessity for the brewery's long hours. "In this country people used to work six days a week, twelve hours a day. We start at 7 a.m. and work ten and twelve hours a day, five, six, sometimes seven days a week." Toting an open bottle of stout—much ale being consumed by those who labor here—McAuliffe, 35, is a barrel-chested man of medium height with rubicund cheeks and a singularly industrious constitution. He is given to punctuating his rare verbal utterances with a roisterous, mocking snigger that occasionally peals into a full-blown horselaugh. The butt of his comic jabs is, more often than not, Uncle Sam. "I hate all government and I despise regulation. We're taxed by the barrel, and we turn out something like 360 barrels a year. The government is addicted to taxes."

An anachronistic figure, McAuliffe would have been better suited as a village farrier in Victorian England. Grinning mischievously, he hands me a copy of an 1888 volume titled *In Praise of Ale,* open to the frontispiece, which reads:

> There's many a clinking song is made
> In honour of the Blacksmith's trade;
> But more for the Brewer may be said,
> Which nobody can deny.

His only allegiances to our time, in fact, are penchants for flying and for nuclear weaponry. McAuliffe served on a nuclear submarine support ship in the North Atlantic, and later found employment in California's Silicon Valley as a designer of laser-triggered flashlamps. "I'm still interested in modern weapons," he volunteers, "but my talents are better directed doing this stuff." He admits to having no scheme to give Sonoma the bomb, although this certainly would be one means of eradicting the obnoxious breed of tourists that infects this tiny hamlet each weekend.

Now hops—the dried blossoms of the female hop plant—are added to the wort in the brew kettle to impart flavor, body, and aroma. Hops also act as a natural inhibitor of bacterial growth, Stern tells me, but in recent years the hopping rate at many breweries has been reduced in favor of the more popular lighter and milder beers. From the brewhouse, the cooked wort is pumped to the fermentation room. There it is cooled to 58 degrees Fahrenheit in a device resembling an automobile radiator, and pumped into stainless steel drums where yeast will be added to begin fermentation. After several days, the yeast will have worked its bacterial legerdemain, converting sugars to alcohol and carbon dioxide. The wort then will have turned to beer, although it will continue to ferment for several weeks in the bottle.

In his laudable determination to set brewing back to a better century, McAuliffe has one-upped the soaker-hydro on the Rube Goldberg scale of technology with his answer to bottle labeling. Resembling a Ben Franklin

flow into or out of each layer. A particle population is input for each layer. Calculated radiation imbalances result in a temperature change for each layer within the model, subject to the condition that change in temperature with altitude not exceed the adiabatic lapse rate. The new temperatures are used to compute a new radiation balance. This process is repeated until there are no further changes in temperature.

The particles of interest, known as Mie-scattering aerosols, are comparable in size to the wavelength of the incident radiation. Dr. Reck models the interaction of these particles with the radiation field in terms of two parameters: the single scattering albedo of the particle, which describes backscatter, and an anisotropic scattering factor, which measures the degree of forward scatter. From these two quantities and the size distribution and abundance of the particles, the transmission, absorption and backscatter of each layer in the model can be calculated.

DR. RECK discovered that whether particles have a heating or cooling influence depends upon the surface albedo, or reflective power, of the earth directly beneath them. Snow (0.6) is more reflective than sand (0.3); water is less reflective than either (0.07). Her results indicate that when surface albedo is small, the net effect of particles is to "shield" the earth from incoming solar radiation, producing a cooling influence. When surface albedo is large, a trapping effect prevails, in which the portion of solar radiation that reaches the earth's surface is "trapped" between the surface and the particles, producing a net heating influence. The competition between these two effects, shielding and trapping, determines the overall thermal influence of particles.

Dr. Reck calculated that for the latitudes between the equator and 35°N, where average surface albedo is low, the current background level of atmospheric particles decreases solar radiation reaching the earth by ~1%, thus producing a net cooling effect. Her findings indicate that heating takes place at latitudes north of 55°N, where average surface albedo is high. Calculations with the model indicate a correlation between the increase in particle abundance due to volcanic activity in 1970 and a subsequent ice build-up in 1971.

"Previous models did not adequately take into account the role played by particles in the earth's thermal balance," says Dr. Reck. "The geosystem is continually changing. It is important for us to understand the elements that affect this evolution, so that we may know how man's activities influence the atmosphere."

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. Ruth Reck is a Staff Research Scientist in the Physics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Reck received her Ph.D in physical chemistry from the University of Minnesota. Her thesis, on the statistical mechanics of heterogeneous systems, concerned the theory of diffusion-controlled chemical reactions. Prior to joining General Motors in 1965, she was a Research Associate in the Applied Mathematics Department of Brown University.

In addition to global climate studies, Dr. Reck has done research at General Motors in solid state physics and magnetic materials. Over the last seven years, she has participated in several international exchange programs on climate-related subjects.

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sketch of a printing press, his scavenged semi-automatic World Company 1910 labeler is the antithesis of today's computerized, fully automated bottling lines. Half the size of a phone booth, the World model uses a glue pot and a labeling device operated by a treadle clutch to affix label to bottle with the approximate velocity and cadence of a horse swatting a fly with its tail.

With all due respect, McAuliffe's approach to making beer in 1981 is so utterly outlandish to those who worship modern brewing techniques that *Brewer's Digest,* as a means of reassuring its readership of his membership in brewing circles, saw fit to publish a photograph of McAuliffe's cravat. It appeared over a caption that read, "Mr. McAuliffe, usually T-shirted, must occasionally don a necktie and keeps one handy in the brewery." So much for the old ways of brewing.

Having wheedled still another of his magnificent porters from the aging room's bountiful cache, I listen as the brewmaster once more fusillades the state of modern brewing. "There's lots of room for different beers. I'm only after a small part of the market. Some people, when they taste my beer, say they can't stand the shit. That's fine with me—I respect that. After all, beer is the beverage of moderation. Beer drinkers don't like to get messed up, otherwise they'd be drinking Jack Daniels. If you want everybody to be your friend, then you can't have a personality of your own.

"Brewing is a highly visible business," he continues, sipping a stout. "The only more visible business I can think of is a whorehouse." The one thing that bothers McAuliffe is the fact that his ale, porter, and stout are available only to northern California drinkers. "It's not ethically or morally right that folks on the East Coast should be deprived of New Albion."

Such talk, however serious from a man who means business, is not likely to send Anheuser Busch, Miller, and Carling quaking in their bootlegs. McAuliffe's pronouncements, moreover, should be taken with a grain of malt—one of his co-workers, in fact, observing that marketing is not his long suit, remarked, "Jack should be kept on a short chain at the brewery at all times."

Still, for those of us who would like to see New Albion for sale in places beyond earthquake country, there are a couple of propitious signs. The first is that any man who can bring decades-old machines to life must have a certain power over existence as we know it (I cannot do this with my own motorcar, and it is only five years old). The second omen is less finite, having to do with a man who traveled across several states to arrive at the New Albion Brewing Company. His message could be that of anyone who appreciates a fine brew. Dusty, thirsty, haggard, he asked, "Is this it? Is this Mecca?" □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

A FAREWELL TO *BRAS*

by Roger Kaplan

May 30, 1981—May is a history-charged month in France. General De Gaulle returned to power in May 1958, saving France some say: establishing the Fifth Republic at any rate (actually approved by national referendum the following September; in May 1958 De Gaulle was legally made head of the last government of the Fourth Republic). Ten years later the Fifth Republic tottered under a hail of Left Bank cobblestones, until the General got on television and told everybody to quiet down and get back to work. In May-June 1978 the Union of the Left, rent by internal disputes about the direction of history, failed to capture the government in parliamentary elections, despite several years of steady gains. This May the Left, in the person of François Mitterrand, won the presidency of the Republic.

So now is the time of gossip and guessing, waiting and hoping; dancing in the streets of the Latin Quarter every night since the emotional demonstration at the Place de Bastille and Mitterrand's moving visit to the Pantheon; or plotting ways of getting money out of the country, of "saving what is essential" in the June elections. It depends on how you feel. Mitterrand has dissolved the National Assembly and is going into the June legislative elections which will replace it with a politically masterful government designed to reassure the voters. It contains no Communists and has representatives of every faction in the Socialist party. There is a very good chance the Socialists will emerge from the legislative elections strong enough to govern alone.

It was reasonable to predict, as virtually everyone did, that Giscard d'Estaing would squeak through as in 1974. The historic tendency of the French, after all, is to complain all the time and then keep the conservatives in power. The weak spot in the argument, as I pointed out in these pages in April, was that Giscard was unpopular, that the Gaullist votes might not go to him as surely as the Communists' would go to Mitterrand, and that certain issues—notably his handling of foreign policy—had been brought up, in which he looked only marginally better—and as it turned out, in some cases worse—than François Mitterrand.

Well, Giscard d'Estaing was unable to surmount these problems. The Gaullists, with the exception of a few personal endorsements, including RPR leader Jacques Chirac's very lukewarm one, did not rally to him and demobilized their electoral machine after the first round. Indeed a number of Gaullist leaders, including Marie-France Garaud and Colonel Passy, De Gaulle's wartime intelligence chief, called for a Mitterrand vote, and it is clear that a great many of their followers answered by doing just that.

But the event that really tipped it for the Socialist candidate was the disastrous showing of the Communist Georges Marchais. It was known that he was in trouble, but no one expected the Communists to fall (at 15 percent) below the point they first achieved in 1936 at the time of the Popular Front. The collapse of Moscow's man in France is probably the most significant political development in the election, even if for the moment it is overshadowed, on the Right, by the bitterness of defeat. Under the conditions that prevailed after the first round of voting, the Socialists could claim with some credibility a vision of a left-wing future without Communists. After Chirac's brilliant show had revealed Giscard's unpopularity among the conservative electorate this blunted the Giscardiens' only remaining card—the fear of revolution.

Indeed, Giscard announced: It will be Communist order or Socialist disorder, if I lose. He may turn out to have been right; but if there is any time to test Socialist disorder in France—and every people must be allowed its fling with infantilism—it is surely now, when the PCF is least able to cause a lot of mischief.

President Mitterrand is said to be contemplating changes chiefly in the domestic, not the foreign policy, programs of his predecessor. To be sure, a government that includes a "Minister for Free Time" must have novel ideas on the role of the state in people's lives. A Socialist foreign policy, however, may carry some surprise for the United States too. True, Mitterrand has always been a friend of Israel. He has also gone on record as supporting the PLO's claim to represent the Palestinian people, so he may not be quite as much help in the Middle East as some commentators have suggested. His appointment of the famous humanitarian Regis Debray as his chief adviser on Latin America suggests we shall not be getting much political help from France in our hemisphere.

So we are between elections in France and we can only gossip. Until the legislative elections, the stock exchange and the money markets will remain the only sure indicators of what is going on. And we can also reflect that every so often the French need to get their revolutionary ardor out of their system. Who knows, this may yet turn out to have been a pretty tame way to do it. □

Roger Kaplan is a program officer with the Smith Richardson Foundation.

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ARISTIDES GOES TO THE MOVIES

by John Podhoretz

Is there still any point in going to the movies? That is the question Joseph Epstein (writing as Aristides) asks in the current issue of the *American Scholar.* His superb essay, "An End to Moviegoing," is the lament of a movie-lover who does not have the strength to bear with the dozens of bad, and often morally reprehensible, movies turned out nowadays merely for the sake of movie-going. "Sweet but unserious music, elegant food, lovely movies—these are among the shaded water holes in the desert of life; and now one of them, the movies, is being dried up," writes Epstein, and though one is surprised that he does not say the same about sweet but unserious music, his point is almost unarguable.

Epstein, however, speaks from the vantage point of someone who grew up during the heyday of Hollywood, when seven hundred movies were released each year, when choice was so plentiful, admission so cheap, and movie theaters (at least in cities) so numerous that going to the movies was something almost as easy as walking. "I remember," he writes, "going to the movies during those years without even bothering to ask what was showing. One might enter a movie somewhere in its middle, sit through the rest of it, then stay up to the point at which one had entered. It didn't seem a bad thing to do then, though now, for some reason it does." Things have in fact changed so much that going to the movies today is something akin to what going to the theater was like in the forties and fifties (and still is today)—an *excursion,* a deliberate effort to seek out entertainment.

For those of us who grew up in the 1960s and '70s, things have always been different. In the 1950s, the Supreme Court ruled that the movie studios were violating anti-trust laws by booking their films only in movie theaters they owned (thus ensuring that no amount of profit would go to anyone else). The court decided that the studios had to give up all ownership of movie theaters and much of their distribution rights. In the ten years following the decision, more than a quarter of the nation's movie theaters shut their doors forever, independent distributors began charging exorbitant rates, the studio contract system with actors fell apart (for once the studios lost control of their movies, it stood to reason they would lose control over everything else), stars began taking their time between movies, deals for producing movies got more and more complicated, and costs rose to such a ruinous height that movie production slowed to almost nothing. Today, perhaps one hundred movies a year are made in this country (excepting pornography and those extremely cheap productions made in someone's garage and usually released only to drive-ins in New Mexico and sold at very low cost to television for showings at 3 a.m.).

So, the newest generation of moviegoers has gone to the movies always *conscious* that they are a luxury (it generally costs me seven or eight dollars, what with the price of a ticket and traveling expenses), not a given as they were in the 1930s and '40s (when, according to estimates, some 46 million people went to the movies every week). What movies were to our parents, television has been to us—an easy, mindless way to pass the time.

But television has not been enough. There is still a sharp line dividing television and the movies—when Robert Blake or Telly Savalas or Carroll O'Connor or any other television star appears as the star of a movie, that movie is guaranteed to flop. (I am not speaking here of that phenomenon of our times—Sally Field, the star of three disastrous television series whose name was synonymous with everything wrong about television and who then became a great film actress.) Carroll O'Connor may be seen by fifty million people a week, but it is Woody Allen, maker of only several modestly successful movies, who is mobbed every time he has the misfortune to be spotted walking down the street. There still is something magical about the movies, something ineffable which draws to them people who might just as easily stay away and watch television. *Star Wars* becomes a fixation of every child in the country, while "Star Trek" is made into a movie which flops miserably.

Still, the question remains: Why go to the movies anymore? I myself have seen, in the last two months, an almost unbroken series of lousy movies—from *Back Roads* to *Breaker Morant,* from *Excalibur* to *Heaven's Gate,* from *Thief* to *The Final Conflict,* from *Tess* to *Nighthawks.* Each one is terrible, I think, in most ways, yet I have to say with one or two exceptions that I rather liked them all. And this is the point: There is a difference between movie-going, as an experience, and movie-watching. Movie-watching is a serious business, something rather like reading. When one goes to a movie that everyone has decided is a profound work of art, and one wishes either to discover it for oneself or to understand why everyone has praised it so effusively, one is movie-watching. Movie-going, however, is much more prosaic—it has to do with the effort expended to get to the movie theater, with the taste and the smell of popcorn, with the dilapidated condition of the movie theater, with the gang of stoned hoods sitting in the next row screaming, as well as with the movie itself. Movie-going now is actually not all that much different from the movie-going of Mr. Epstein's youth, except that one now goes to the movies less frequently and with more effort. One is, in short, whiling away one's time, away from Henry James and everyday life. If one is lucky, one is entertained, but even that is not at all a necessary component for today's serious moviegoer. The movies are a *place,* not an art form—a place to hide, really, if only for a few hours.

The question is, how important is it to escape? Epstein answers this question himself. "Is there, I wonder, an age beyond which too regular attendance at the movies is a bit unseemly?" The audience for most movies, he points out, is generally a young one—one has to remember that the biggest hits of the last four years have been *Star Wars, The Empire Strikes Back,* and *National Lampoon's Animal House.* I think it is fair to assume that movie-going, waste of time that it is, comes to mean less and less as one gets older, when time means more. (I don't mean to sound poetic or fatalistic here.) Movies are meant for the young; Epstein mentions that the leading film critics in the country—he names Pauline Kael, Stanley Kauffman, John Simon, Andrew Sarris, Vincent Canby, and Judith Crist—are all fifty or older, and he regards this with some amusement. Considering the recent work of Pauline Kael (who is past sixty, as a matter of fact) one could even say that she has entered her second childhood, or rather has never left her first.

The hold movies have on people—on *me*—is not negligible. Most of us cannot go through life without putting something of the movies into it. In *Play It Again, Sam,* a brilliant comedy about a movie critic and his fixation on *Casablanca,* Woody Allen makes a curtain speech that sounds familiar: "You're getting on that plane to Cleveland," he tells his girl, the wife of his best friend, "because the problems of three people don't mean a hill of beans in this crazy world." "That's beautiful," she says; "It's from *Casablanca,*" he replies, his voice rising, "and I've been waiting *my whole life* to say it." When life is a bit uncomfortable, we can enter the movie theater. And when movies get a bit uncomfortable, as Epstein demonstrates, life is always waiting. □

John Podhoretz is editor of Counterpoint *and film critic of* The American Spectator.

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EXPLAINING AMERICA: THE FEDERALIST

Garry Wills / Doubleday / $14.95

Herman Belz

Three years ago Garry Wills' study of Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence so impressed the historical fraternity that it won several prestigious awards and earned its author an appointment as Professor of American Culture and Public Policy at Northwestern University. The acclaim accorded *Inventing America* will no doubt ensure a cordial reception for its sequel, *Explaining America: The Federalist,* the second of a projected tetralogy entitled *America's Political Enlightenment.* Let it be said at the outset, however, that while this book like its predecessor bears the markings of scholarship, scholarship it is not. Indeed it would be misleading to examine it strictly from the standpoint of its contribution to historical knowledge. Although that evaluation must be performed, the book is important principally as yet another salvo of Wills' unflagging campaign, steadfastly pursued since he achieved radical enlightenment in the late 1960s, to attack the principle of liberal individualism that lies at the heart of the American political tradition.

In *Nixon Agonistes* (1969) Wills, at one time a *National Review* conservative, outlined the problem facing the non-Marxist Left as it contemplated the crisis of the liberal democratic state brought on by the Vietnam war and the black ghetto riots of the 1960s. Considered on their own terms, he wrote, the techniques of liberalism—free elections, the economic market, the cultural habits of industry and self-discipline, the rules of academic freedom—were admirable and useful. Wills thought they could be even more admirable and useful, however, if they could be separated from the liberal tendency "to reduce all social life back to individualist terms." Did Wills seriously believe that the institutions and procedures he professed to admire could be maintained apart from the liberal principles that sanctioned and justified them in public opinion? Perhaps so. In any event Wills concluded that Richard Nixon, whom he irreverently dubbed "the last liberal," had by trying to revive individualism reduced it to absurdity. Backed by the misguided silent majority, Nixon hewed to outmoded liberal beliefs despite widespread evidence of what Wills described as "a desperate thirst for community, for social bonds, new 'families,' communes." If the country would only take seriously this social impulse, Wills argued, if it would set aside its official individualism and the mystique of earning, "then the great lack of our political theory—its blindness to the facts of community life—[could] at last be repaired."

In assessing the contemporary situation Wills urged Americans to break their "philosophical bondage to the past" and "*make* history by refusing to rest in liberalism's self-deceptions. . . ." More specifically he proposed the creation of "a newly articulated community" under the guidance and tutelage of "*re*founding fathers," who would be willing to experiment with new concepts of representation based on social and cultural rather than geographical constituencies. One imagines Wills to have been not greatly dissatisfied with such experiments as they were performed in the 1970s under the mandates of affirmative action and the new equality, which did indeed repudiate the substance of equal opportunity as liberalism had historically defined it. For his own part, however, Wills did not abandon or try to transcend history, but rather set about rewriting it, intent on exposing the deceptions of liberalism and supplying the great want he had discovered in the American political tradition—its lack of community.

A popular rhetorical device often employed by present-day reformers is to show that their cause had adherents at one or more points in the past, much as do lawyers, who argue from precedent. To suit his anti-individualist purposes, Wills might have adduced plenty of evidence of communalism scattered about nineteenth-century social history. But contrary to their expectations, the utopian socialists who conducted experiments in communitarian living during the pre-industrial era conspicuously failed to inspire emulation among their contemporaries, and therefore can be deemed hardly capable of inspiring emulation in the late twentieth century. Accordingly Wills ignored the usual sources of communal sensibility and endeavor in American history and instead carried his attack on liberalism straight to its revolutionary origins, arguing that the founding fathers were guided by a communitarian impulse rather than by liberal individualism.

In *Inventing America* (1978) Wills depicted Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence and the nation's most famous apostle of liberty, as an expounder not of the selfish individualism of John Locke, but of the social interdependence and community welfare theorists of the eighteenth century Scottish Enlightenment such as Francis Hutcheson, Adam Ferguson, Thomas Reid, and others. Wills did recognize that Jefferson acknowledged a right to private property. But Jefferson did not treat this as a fundamental right; moreover, he was opposed to the individualist vision, believing all enterprise to be derived from public strictures and therefore obligated to public welfare. Accordingly, Wills reasoned, in enumerating in the Declaration of Independence the inalienable rights to which all men were entitled, Jefferson omitted any express reference to property. He substituted for it the felicitous expression "the pursuit of happiness," a term denoting not private economic accumulation, as nineteenth-century laissez-faire theorists would come to argue, but rather public actions for the common good. Wills concluded: The true spirit of the Revolution was communitarian.

It was not only Wills' cleverness and ingenuity in textual criticism that impressed historians. His entire thesis about the intellectual origins of the Declaration of Independence comported with recent scholarly findings that located the source of revolutionary political ideas more in the writings of eighteenth-century English radical whigs or common-

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wealthmen than in the theories of John Locke. Yet for all its erudition in explicating the meaning of eighteenth-century political language, Wills' study depended on such a simplistic view of Locke as to vitiate the entire analysis. More careful reviewers subsequently pointed this out, and also noted that although Jefferson and the Scottish Enlightenment writers placed restrictions on private property, these were fewer than had been thought necessary in the seventeenth century. Furthermore, Jefferson and the Scottish school never questioned the moral legitimacy of private property. The proper historical conclusion, which Wills' fervent anti-liberalism kept him from seeing, was that Locke could not be exorcised from America's revolutionary origins, and that Jefferson and his fellow patriot leaders on balance *encouraged* liberal individualism as an actuating force in American politics.

After this venture into early American history, Wills essayed a volume on contemporary politics, *Confessions of a Conservative* (1979). Arnold Beichman has cited in these pages* the errors of fact and judgment that Wills' anti-anti-Communism led him to make about the Soviet Union. Wills' principal concern, however, was to state his theory of American politics, and although his effort can hardly be called substantive or original, it throws light on the historical labors that he has undertaken.

For the repudiation of modern liberalism once again became Wills' central theme in this intellectual autobiography. Evincing his characteristic disbelief that anyone in his right mind could take the tenets of liberal ideology seriously, Wills nevertheless professed satisfaction with the existing political order. He explained that he liked politicians, mediocre representatives of a mediocre populace, because they placed a high value on compromise and kept social peace. He liked bureaucrats even more because they checked the abuses of businessmen, the dominant elite in American society, and solved the problem of distributive justice by creating new forms of property in welfare payments, education benefits, medical care, and other social programs. But best of all Wills liked those whom he called prophets—the long line of reformers and dissenters from William Lloyd Garrison to the Berrigan brothers, who saw evil and injustice in society and had the courage to fight them. If the politicians maintained the country, Wills declared, the prophets by initiating social change made it worth saving.

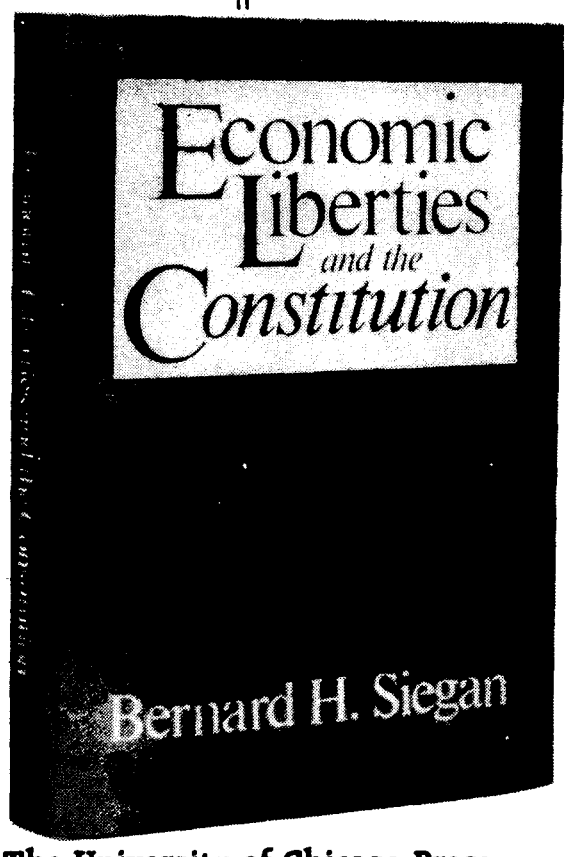
Although he defined the purpose of politics in the limited terms that conservatives approve, Wills' description of himself as a conservative possessing deep regard for existing institutions was disingenuous. What he really liked about the modern liberal state was its intellectual flaccidity and ideological indifference. If "a few uncompromising fools" willing to think the unthinkable can get a ten to twenty percent rating in public opinion polls, he noted, the politicians, eager to please even the visionaries, will give in to them for the sake of maintaining social peace. Public-policy changes occur therefore not as a result of rational debate in the arena of electoral politics, as liberal theory holds, but through the witness and activism of the society's "spiritual elite," who predictably enough in Wills' account all turn out to be on the Left. The electoral system is nevertheless important because it provides a legal framework which legitimizes the demands of the prophets, as well as the decisions of the reforming bureaucratic elite. The lesson Wills draws is that we should "listen constantly for whatever light is given us from human ingenuity and courage . . . [and] allow as much freedom of preaching and teaching as we can, within our large politics of compromise."

Confessions of a Conservative showed that Wills' thinking about history had changed since the late 1960s, when, as was the wont of New Leftists in those days, he doubted its usefulness in the task of building a new community. Now critical of innovators who would forget the past, he wrote: "Insofar as we steer rationally into the future, we do so by our rear-view mirror. . . . We go forward by seeing backward." In choosing our teachers, he added, we don't have to depend on the luck of finding contemporaries who can enlighten us. "The great Academy of the Past is open to all who would use it," he averred; "no admissions board can exclude us."

Would Wills have been thinking of himself here—the journalist turned historian who challenged the histori-

*The American Spectator, August 1979.

"This timely and important book shows how far we have drifted from protecting basic liberties that the Framers of the Constitution sought to secure. I recommend it highly."—**Edwin Meese**, Counselor to the President



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Bernard H. Siegan

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cal profession by his researches into America's communitarian origins? The metaphor seems apt, for in his newest book, *Explaining America,* Wills continues his assault on liberalism by questioning the view of the framers of the Constitution held by most historians and political scientists. Having disposed of Lockean individualism in his book on Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence, Wills now seeks to eliminate from the American political tradition the theory of pluralism advanced by James Madison in *The Federalist.*

Regarding Madison as a profound thinker who has been incorrectly understood, Wills adopts the strategy of rescuing him from the wrong-headed interpretations of the economic determinists (Charles A. Beard), the disciplined party rule theorists (E.E. Schattschneider and James MacGregor Burns), and the pluralists (Harold Laski). To begin with, he reminds us that Madison learned his political science from the Scottish Enlightenment school—especially David Hume—and thus rejected Locke's "selfish system" in favor of the affective and benevolent life of the family as the basis of the social contract. More to the point of the constitutional problems of the 1780s, Wills asserts that Madison—contrary to the usual picture we have of him—feared an over-active citizenry, looked reverentially on and approved the inculcation of obedience to government, held to a unitary theory of sovereignty that denied any sovereignty to the states, and viewed the Constitution as "a very adaptable and flexible instrument reflecting the needs of social man."

If Wills' Madison bears a resemblance to the centralizing reformers of contemporary liberalism, the identification becomes complete in Wills' discussion of the place of virtue in the political system. Virtue is preference for the common good, and in a republican society, it must be insisted on against the claims of individual private interest. Virtue consists in actions taken for the general welfare; it involves sacrifice to the state and produces the public happiness to which each citizen is entitled as a natural right. Accordingly the supreme sin against the republic, the outstanding political evil to be guarded against, is factional and partisan activity which places the interest of private individuals and groups above the public good.

In support of his thesis Wills performs a characteristically pedantic textual analysis of Madison's most famous essay, *Federalist No. 10.* He argues that in this document, which most modern scholars consider to be a defense of pluralistic, interest-group politics, Madison did not in fact approve and seek to encourage competition between interests, but rather tried to discourage and even eliminate interest from American politics. Madison's objective, and the very purpose of the Constitution, was to create a government that would uphold the common good. For this, virtuous representatives were needed to prevent faction from dominating politics, and the way to bring virtuous representatives into government was to expand the boundaries of the republic. In an expanded system of representation particular interests would be much less able to aggregate themselves into a controlling faction.

Most commentators have concluded that this result would follow from the increased competition among interests that would occur in an enlarged republican government. This seems to be Madison's meaning when he writes in *Federalist No. 10*: "Extend the sphere, and you take in a greater variety of parties and interests; you make it less probable that a majority of the whole will have a common motive to invade the rights of other citizens; or if such a common motive exists, it will be more difficult for all who feel it to discover their own strength, and to act in unison with each other." Wills argues, however, that the prevention of factional control can be attributed to the tendency of an extended republic to select judicious and impartial representatives who, uninstructed by their constituents, will be free to disregard narrow local and private interests and legislate for the common good. Virtuous representatives in Madison's scheme thus refine public discourse, purging it of special interests.

Wills isn't stupid, and his picture of Madison isn't all wrong. In fact in many respects it agrees with recent scholarly findings, Wills' assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. Although he acknowledges the contribution of Douglass Adair, in order to make his conclusions appear fresh and original he treats the hoary notions of progressive historiography, in which democracy battles against aristocracy, as still current. Of course they have long been discredited, as Wills' references to the literature make clear. Accordingly much of what he says about the theory of republican government as explicated in *The Federalist* is accurate. The trouble is that it is unhistorical. Wills doesn't have the history of the period right. What is more, he does not *care* about the history of the period, for as in his other works his central concern is to repudiate modern liberalism and to rectify American political theory by recasting it in a communal framework.

In the decade after 1776 conflicting factional interests dominated state politics and threatened, in the view of Madison and like-minded constitutional reformers, to undermine the experiment in republicanism commenced during the Revolution. Hence the purpose of the Constitutional Convention in 1787 was to curb the centrifugal tendencies that factionalism promoted. Heretofore it had been axiomatic that republican government could exist only in a circum-

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scribed geographical area. Yet the framers of the Constitution, in startling contrast, projected a republican government of continental dimension. Wills is correct, then, in observing that the key to the Federalist plan of constitutional reform was an extended system of representation.

But Madison and his colleagues, though critical of excessive factionalism, did not seek to eliminate interest from American politics. On the contrary, recognizing the pursuit of economic interest as endemic to American society, they sought to sanction and stabilize it by creating an enlarged electoral arena within which it could operate. In doing so they rejected as unrealistic the older ideal of an undifferentiated, homogeneous community possessing a single unified interest. Of course the notion that the enlightened few could apprehend the public interest and implement it through wise legislation did not disappear with the adoption of the Constitution. The Federalist party of the 1790s relied on this idea, and despite constant democratization it has persisted into our own time, although now it relies for its survival on the courts and regulatory agencies rather than on the legislatures. Nevertheless the proponents of the new Constitution in the ratification struggle, often in spite of themselves and in part spurred by political motive and social fear, shifted the theory and practice of American politics into an essentially modern pluralist mode. Therein lies the chief historical significance of *The Federalist*.

Lacking a genuine interest in history, Wills neither considers the political context in which *The Federalist* was written nor examines the social and economic dimension of Madison's appeal for virtue and wisdom in government. The reason is that commercial, propertied interests were ranged behind this appeal, and it will not do for Wills to depict these capitalist interests in a favorable light or to identify himself with them. Abstracting Madison's revision of republican theory from its historical setting, he denies the pluralistic content of *The Federalist* and makes its emphasis on public virtue into a shibboleth for attacking modern liberalism.

In wistful lamentation Wills asks: "Was it too much for Madison to hope that a government could be built on [public virtue]? If so, it was a noble failure, which made sense in its own terms and its own day, if not in ours." Obviously, however, Wills thinks Madison's views are relevant for today, or else he wouldn't write a book about them. In *Confessions of a Conservative* Wills states that it might be a bad thing to have too much virtue in government; what if, he asks, George McGovern had won in 1972? Representative of a virtuous minority, he would have aroused such deep resentment as to make it impossible for him to govern. Still, one suspects that Wills would like the prophets who guide and teach us and the bureaucratic elites who rule us, as well as accommodationist politicians and the peace-loving public, to hear his plea for virtue in government.

For virtue, as it has been defined in our centers of learning and in the media, has long had a distinctly leftist coloration. Consisting in affirmative action, environmental protection, hostility to business, and the like, it has been represented by public interest groups, issue organizations, and progressive political action committees. The activists in these "disinterested" organizations, often backed by or in collaboration with federal bureaucrats, assume a lofty and imperious tone of moral righteousness that makes compromise in the traditional manner of interest-group pluralism difficult if not impossible. The rise of the moral

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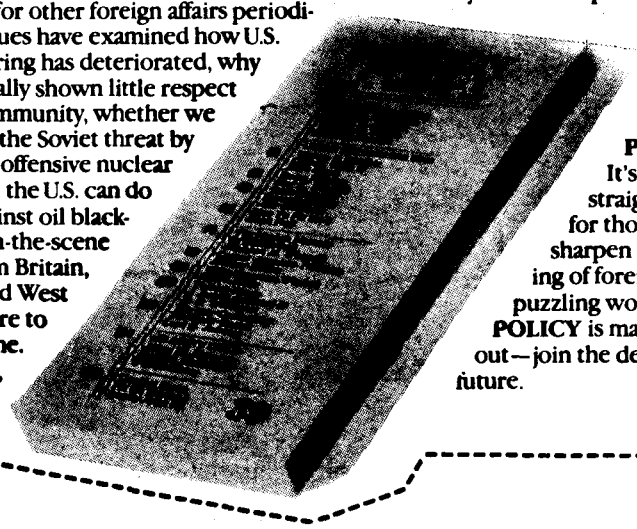

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majority will perhaps cause left-liberal public interest groups to alter their rhetoric and argue for a separation between morality and politics. If so, considering the large number of highly educated people who sustain the public interest movement, one suspects that Wills or some other savant will then remind us of the Platonic truth that virtue is knowledge.

Thus in his effort to repair the deficiency in our political theory Garry Wills has turned to history. His lucubrations have produced a new nation founded on a communal rather than a liberal individualistic spirit, and a political system based on public virtue rather than interest-group conflict. In an age when journalists try to make history by injecting themselves into events and shaping policy, we should perhaps be grateful for Wills' modesty and restraint. He is after all merely trying to rewrite history—a time-honored occupation of rulers, reformers, and revolutionaries of all political persuasions. Nevertheless, as Wills perceives it, history remains relevant. It is important therefore to recognize his historical researches for what they are: an extension of the campaign to discredit modern liberalism that has preoccupied him from his youthful experience on the right to his present role as learned apologist for the new egalitarianism. □

THE COURT YEARS 1939-1975
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS
William O. Douglas / Random House / $16.95

Maurice J. Holland

However unfavorable one's feelings about the late Justice William O. Douglas, this volume can only be regarded as unworthy of its subject and a dereliction of editorial responsibilities on the part of its publisher. Despite occasional passages of insight and, even, here and there, fleeting eloquence inspired by the author's love of the American wilderness, this book is in the main a disjointed, meandering pastiche of self-congratulatory reminiscences, populist animadversions against what is with tedious regularity termed "the Establishment," sententious pronouncements on good government platitudinously uttered, all interspersed with extended and unaccountable excerpts from the author's own judicial opinions or those of other liberal stalwarts on the Bench.

Douglas obviously intended this work to serve as an elucidation of the ideals and commitments which shaped his lengthy and controversial career. Since that career was so important for the recent judicial and political history of the United States, this dismal book is to be lamented even by those who did not count themselves among the Justice's admirers. A highly successful and prolific author in his prime, Douglas was once capable of much better than this product of his final, pathetically enfeebled years. In fact, the first volume of his autobiography, *Go East, Young Man: The Early Years,* published in 1974 with the expert, though unacknowledged, editorial assistance of Dagmar Hamilton, was incomparably better, even though it is only with the sequel that Douglas's period of service on the Supreme Court is reached.

William O. Douglas, of course, was a liberal's liberal—regarded by his admirers as an unflinching defender of the Bill of Rights, uncompromising champion of liberty, courageous spokesman for the downtrodden, despised, and dispossessed, who used his position on the Supreme Court to inspire the nation with renewed devotion to the highest ideals of its founders. Thus his old friend, Clark Clifford, at Douglas's memorial service: "Because of Bill Douglas, each one of us is freer, safer and stonger." To Clifford and many like-minded contemporaries, Douglas was true heir to "Freeborn John" Lilburne, cantankerous and obstreperous to be sure, and not always well mannered, but withal one of freedom's stoutest heroes, with perhaps just a touch of Natty Bumppo thrown in to give a flavor of rugged outdoorsiness.

But to his detractors, who were by no means to be found only in such predictable quarters as American Legion posts, chambers of commerce, or watch and ward societies, Douglas was quite another matter. To Justice Felix Frankfurter, a fellow New Dealer and Roosevelt appointee, Douglas was "malignant," "one of the two genuinely evil men I have known." Where his admirers saw idealism and generosity of spirit, Frankfurter and many others discerned shameless opportunism, a wilful, result-oriented, and unprincipled approach to his work, a tendency to play to various constituencies thought favorable to his political ambitions, and an arrogant wrecklessness in the conduct of his personal affairs. During his last decade on the Court, as his opinions grew ever more baldly assertive, idiosyncratic, and heedless of both precedent and fundamental constitutional doctrine, Douglas became something of an embarrassment even to many partisans of the judicial activism he epitomized. He became pathetically enamored of the youth culture and fawning in his praise of the most raucous dissent, embracing in his enthusiasm the whole litany of anti-American attitudes of the New Left. He even came perilously close to an implicit endorsement of violence, as in his assertion that Richard Nixon was the George III of his time. Douglas's opinions from this latter period were prone to extensive quotations from such jurisprudential sources as *The Greening of America,* and to reaching such conclusions as that trees should be accorded standing to sue and that the Bill of Rights should be understood to afford special protection to "the freedom to walk, stroll, or loaf." He frequently expressed regret that his colleagues on the Court refused to join him in ending the Vietnam War by judicial fiat.

The Court Years dissappoints most, however, because it contributes little to the understanding of its elusive and exasperating subject. Much of the book is written as if the reader were scarcely conversant with the great events of the last fifty years—we are subjected to rambling discourses on the coming of the New Deal, World War II, the Cold War, all described in terms which can best be characterized as boilerplate liberalism. Its motifs—"the People versus the Interests," the greedy plutocrat versus the high-minded servant of the public interest enlisted under the banner of the New Deal, the swaggering exploiter versus the upright and honest common man—are unrelenting and unrelieved even by the quaint grandiloquence of the speeches of William Jennings Bryan.

If Douglas possessed any capacity for self-examination or introspection, it is not in evidence in this volume. Douglas's perceptions betray not the

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slightest element of doubt, no sense of complexity or ambiguity, or of the serious costs entailed in his single-minded pursuits. For him, to paraphrase Clausewitz, adjudication was a continuation of politics by other means. His political philosophy, particularly when applied to civil disobedience and the role of government in sustaining public morality, was, as Sidney Hook and Walter Berns among others have demonstrated, so jejune as to merit a failing grade in any moderately demanding civics course. In his later years he exalted militant and widespread civil disobedience, holding it essential to the health of democracy, never troubling to consider, much less reconcile, the tension between such tactics and the premises of majority rule. Efforts to foster patriotism in the schools he equated with Nazi authoritarianism. Attempts by government at any level to enforce some modicum of wholesomeness or reticence in public display were, in Douglas's mind, nothing more than officially sponsored hypocrisy and arrant philistinism. What rankles is not that these views are indefensible, but that their proponent deems them so self-evidently true, that the thought that they might require buttressing does not occur to him.

The irony of these pages is that a man who obviously enjoyed thinking of himself as a colorful and inveterate iconoclast consistently comes across as a predictable, almost smug, purveyor of the safest orthodoxies of his time. Throughout Douglas affects the unconvincing posture of one constantly besieged and vilified for his fearless espousal of unpopular views. Douglas was, of course, subjected to four impeachment efforts, and was attacked from many quarters more often and more vehemently than any other Supreme Court justice in recent times, yet his ability to *épater les bourgeois* was quite transparently more a source of satisfaction than of pain to him: One of his keenest disappointments was his failure to be included on Nixon's "enemies lists." In any case, it is difficult to take seriously the notion that Douglas, the second youngest man ever appointed to the Supreme Court, the holder of an endowed chair at Yale Law School when he was thirty, the best-selling author, the handsomely paid star of the college lecture circuit, the friend of four Presidents and of scores of others of America's most powerful men, was somehow a prophet without honor in his own country.

When a book is scantily endowed with thoughtfulness and ideas, it may still find its salvation by providing a few bits of new and interesting information. There is, however, very little of this either. Part of the difficulty, as his sympathetic recent biographer,* James F. Simon, has conceded, is that Douglas was notoriously unreliable and self-servingly selective in recounting the past. His description of the last effort to impeach him, in 1970, conveniently omits mention of the most damaging information in the case developed against him by Gerald Ford and others in the House and dismisses this attempt as nothing more than malicious harassment— "the Establishment" and the endlessly malevolent Nixon up to their old tricks.

Yet for one event in Douglas's life we should be thankful—his failure to be nominated for Vice President on the Democratic ticket in 1944. According to Douglas, Roosevelt, having decided to rid himself of Henry Wallace, narrowed his choice to Douglas and Truman in that order of preference. But because Robert Hannegan, national chairman of the Democratic party, reversed their order in FDR's letter to the convention delegates, it appeared that Roosevelt's first choice was in fact Truman. Typically, Douglas embellishes this story by recounting how Hannegan later admitted to his face that he had pulled off this gambit. To credit this account requires one to believe that Roosevelt, perhaps the deftest political operative in American history, on the verge of victory in World War II, with his party at his feet, allowed his wishes about his likely successor to be set at naught by a party functionary's alteration of a letter, an alteration which could not have been concealed from the writer whose wishes it purported to express. If this story is true, then Hannegan is entitled to a place among the unsung heroes of American history. If it is not true (as it almost certainly is not), then Douglas has indulged his character-

Independent Journey: The Life of William O. Douglas, Harper & Row, $16.95.

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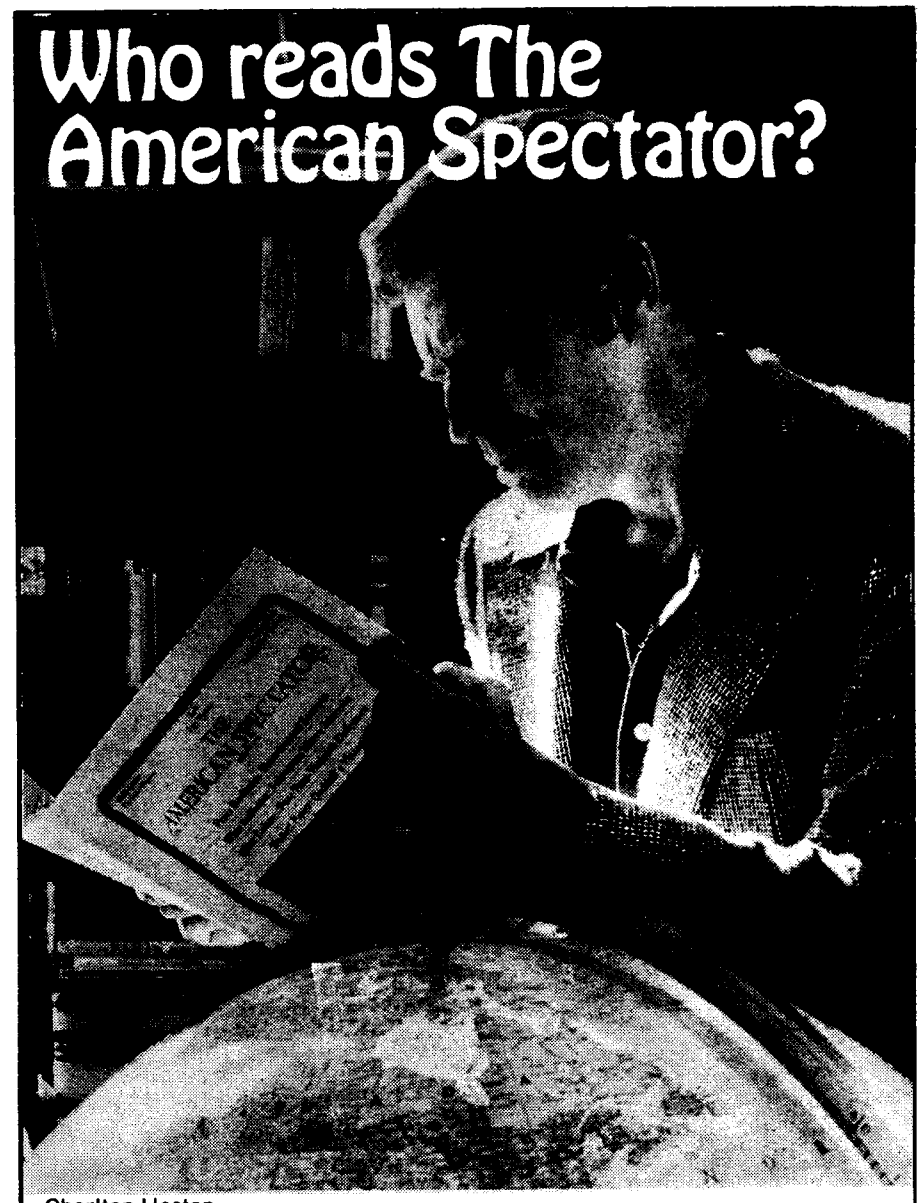

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istic penchant for rewriting history.

Unfortunately, an overly inventive memory is not the only personality flaw betrayed in his autobiography: There is also displayed the disagreeable habit of almost casually traducing those who acted in ways of which he disapproved. Nothing in this volume quite matches the "neo-fascist image" attributed to Henry Cabot Lodge II in *Go East, Young Man*. But about Paul Freund of Harvard, generally acknowledged as one of the most profound and humane constitutional scholars of his time, Douglas writes: "he had a gimmick—the ostensible profundity of a scholar. Actually he was the dispenser of warmed-over theories of law that seemingly were objective but actually were tools to keep the 'proper' people in control of society." The source of this hostility to Freund, which Douglas extended with equal cordiality to Alexander Bickel, is well known—it sufficed that both were protégés of Frankfurter.

Still more execrable is Douglas's treatment of Thurgood Marshall, who as Second Circuit Justice vacated a Douglas order which had in effect enjoined the Secretary of Defense from obeying the commands of the President to conduct bombing operations in Cambodia. By overriding an earlier ruling in the same case by Justice Marshall (who had primary responsibility for the Second Circuit where the case had originated), Douglas violated the norms of orderly judicial procedure. Douglas is not content simply to criticize Marshall, but goes on to cast vile aspersions at and impute dishonorable motives to him. Douglas accuses Marshall of acting "lawlessly" and expresses his suspicion that "some Nixon men put pressure on Marshall to cut corners. Sad to say, he did so and thus emulated the 'law and order' man during the Watergate period." If challenged to clarify what he meant by "pressure," would Douglas slyly retreat from the charge of flagrant impropriety implied by the word "pressure," avowing that all he really had in mind was a formal argument in chambers by Justice Department lawyers? If pressed on whether he really thought Henry Cabot Lodge, of all people, was a "neo-fascist," would Douglas daintily point out that he merely observed that Lodge had a "neo-fascist image"?

This volume has strengthened my inclination to regard Douglas as a "brilliant fool" and something of a scoundrel. Admittedly one of the most gifted lawyers and administrators of his generation, he lacked the requisite humanity, wisdom, judgment, and inner poise for sound work as a Supreme Court justice. Despite frequent disavowals of presidential ambitions, he left the distinct impression that his youthful appointment to the Court had led him to conceive of himself as FDR's eventual successor. As it gradually became clear that the path to high political office was closed off, a certain embitterment and rancor took hold of him and hastened the erratic conduct of his later years. Spectacular success and widespread adulation achieved too easily at too youthful an age are apt to fan inordinate ambition which, if balked by fortune or circumstance in later life, is likely to prove more and more corrosive as it is consistently frustrated. Thus the unbending forthrightness and unstinting friendship for the downtrodden perceived by Douglas's friends to be the animus of his politics were called upon to fill the void of his self-conceived failure, and in that void they became a rigid iconoclasm in the attempt for the stature of a personage, and an unending resentment of the successful. □

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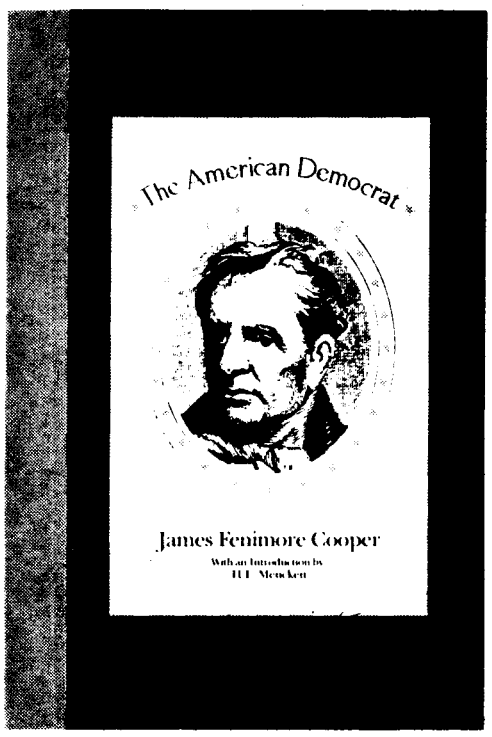

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ROLL CALL: ONE YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE

Senator William S. Cohen / Simon and Schuster / $14.95

Fred Barnes

The old saw in Washington has it that, Boy, if only reporters could write what they really know about senators and congressmen, you'd get hellacious stories about sexual hijinks and booze binges and heavy traffic in brown envelopes under the table.

Don't believe it. For an evening of unrelieved ennui, try eavesdropping on the barroom conversation of a half-dozen Capitol Hill reporters. You will hear few tales of Rita Jenrette and Paula Parkinson, even fewer of sinister lobbyists bending Congress to their will. But voiced in rich detail will be all you didn't need to know about some senator's off-the-record assessment of the Japanese auto import issue or a House member's snide comment about a colleague.

Which leads to William Cohen's diary of his rookie year, 1979, in the Senate. This is not a great book about the American system of government. Tocqueville can relax; *Democracy in America* hasn't been supplanted. Nor is it a luminous piece of literature. Cohen sometimes overwrites and his metaphors are occasionally jarring. But *Roll Call* has the saving grace of unsparing accuracy, and that is no small feat. Senators are rarely so publicly honest about the splendid tedium of their work.

If you are eager, then, to discover how that elitist crowd in Congress spends its time, turn to this book. It captures what are the salient but seldom cited characteristics of congressional life: the parade of small-bore legislative events, the mindless frenzy, the superficiality, the relentless pettiness, all of it made palatable by the chance of fame and a brush or two with something momentous. By the end, Cohen has destroyed that old myth about reporters brimming with racy stories. They can't know what isn't so, though they might be willing to report it anyway.

Cohen is a 40-year-old Republican from Maine. He is an interesting fellow aside from the peculiarity of having written a book. His father, a baker in Bangor, is Jewish, his mother an Irish Protestant. He is a Unitarian. He is also a poet, with a published volume of poems to his credit. Robert Frost he isn't, but some of his poems are graceful and moving. He was mayor of Bangor before winning the House seat from northern Maine in 1972.

Fame came quickly in Washington. He served on the House Judiciary Committee when it took up articles of impeachment against Richard M. Nixon in 1974. Cohen argued his position ably and voted to impeach. In 1978, he ran for the Senate against a truly lackluster incumbent, William Hathaway. Cohen played up his own support for the Kemp-Roth tax cut and criticized Hathaway as a liberal of the knee-jerk school. He ousted Hathaway by nearly a 2-to-1 margin.

Cohen hastily learned that while a senator's job is more exalted than a House member's, the work is the same. The issues involved, like saving Loring Air Force Base in northern Maine, are usually non-seismic. And there is always the obligation to appear before every group that might feel snubbed otherwise.

One April day, Cohen writes, "I flew from Boston to Augusta, Maine, where I addressed the Maine White House Conference on Libraries. I stayed on the platform to listen to the speaker who followed me—an articulate librarian from New Hampshire. I had not anticipated that he would talk for more than 30 minutes and started to squirm as each minute beyond the half-hour margin I had allowed myself ticked off. I arrived nearly 40 minutes late for a press conference that I had scheduled at the state capitol."

Seven months later, Cohen and Senator Gary Hart, the Colorado Democrat, appeared in St. Louis to discuss "Issues of the 80s" before a gathering of public relations men. "At 7 a.m., we were extracted from our rooms by several aggressive young executives so that we could have breakfast with the executive committee responsible for putting on the program," Cohen writes. "At 7:30 a.m., before coffee or juice had been served, the president of the organization, an eager, hard-charging public relations expert, turned to me and said, 'Tell me all the positive things we can look forward to in the 1980s.'"

Cohen rolled his eyes at Hart. "Actually I didn't come here to tell you about all the positive things you can look forward to," he said. "I came to talk about the mess that we're in and hopefully suggest some ways to get out of it." But that wasn't good enough for the P.R. executive. "You mean you can't tell me one good thing that America has to look forward to?"

Senators don't get much respect from lobbyists, either, according to Cohen. "There is a brazenness that seems to have taken hold of the [lobbying] process, an arrogance and disdain that makes a pathetic mockery of the legislative process," he writes. But lobbyists are not the corrupting influence that Jack Anderson and Common Cause portray. Rather, they are an annoyance and an embarrassment.

"The halls of Congress have become so crowded with professional lobbyists that congressmen often are forced to push their way through the throng to reach the chamber to vote," he continues. Cohen eluded them by regularly taking the side stairs of the Capitol. "I don't know if any votes are ever changed by the pleas and importunings that reverberate and ricochet around our hallowed halls . . . But it does give the impression that an auction is going on for the highest bid and that the merits of the legislation and the welfare of the public are thrown out in the process."

Cohen's reasons for writing this book are not obvious. It may be that he just likes to write. *Roll Call* is clearly not the sort of boring manifesto that politicians often have ghostwritten for them prior to running for president. Nor is it ego-inflating. Cohen does not have a pre-Copernican view of American politics. The system does not revolve around him. Two months after coming to the Senate, he climbed on the subway to the Capitol, only to be told, "Hey, don't sit in the front." Why not? he asked. "Because a senator is coming, that's why." □

Fred Barnes is Washington correspondent for the Baltimore Sun.

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Village Voice

In another of his grand and gorgeous pratfalls, the ill-starred Alexander Cockburn lends evidence to one of Tom Bethell's more piquant observations, though Cockburn's intention is, alas, quite different:

It was Ita Ford, one of the murdered Maryknoll nuns who said just before her death, "The US is now going to train Salvadoran troops in Panama . . . it's reprehensible. I think that sometime the US has to realize that it does not own Central America or any other part of the world, that people have the right to shape their own destinies and choose the type of government they want and make their own choices. We don't lose anything . . . we don't lose Cuba, we don't lose Nicaragua, because they were never ours to lose . . ."

Poor woman. She did not live to see the Reagan entourage come to Washington or read Tom Bethell in the *American Spectator* writing about "radical nuns, one of the prime horrors of our time: They have stopped believing in God and in an afterlife. In the process they have transformed themselves into bulldike socialists who will spend the rest of their lives attempting to destroy in others the loyalties and beliefs that they destroyed in themselves."

Cute.

[*February 4--February 10, 1981*]

The Soho News

The eloquent Philip Nobile, *vivace con sniffles,* in an open letter to Billie Jean King, embattled symbol of the Wheaties woman:

Anti-homosexuality has become the anti-Semitism of sex. You could help cut the comedy. Silence only adds to your shame.

This is a crucial moment for young lesbian athletes. You are their hero too. If you betray yourself, you betray them. The next kid who comes along and runs into homosexual blackmail will pay for your Uncle Tomism. If you admitted your sexual preference without tears and challenged all comers—the WTA, the sponsors, the players and the fans—you would win in straight sets. Go for it, Billie Jean.

Be a credit to your race.

[*May 13, 1981*]

democracy

Sheldon S. Wolin, professor of social science, slams down hard on the alarm to awaken snoozing Americans, even as he raises the curtain on a new swindle, namely, his idiotic new journal: *democracy:*

The reasons for beginning this journal now and calling it *democracy* come down to what, in our view, is the most significant political fact about contemporary American life: the steady transformation of America into an anti-democratic society. Every one of the country's primary institutions—the business corporation, the government bureaucracy, the trade union, the research and education industries, the mass propaganda and entertainment media, and the health and welfare system—is antidemocratic in spirit, design, and operation. Each is hierarchical in structure, authority oriented, opposed in principle to equal participation, unaccountable to the citizenry, elitist and managerial, and disposed to concentrate increasing power in the hands of the few and to reduce political life to administration.

[*January, 1981*]

An American House of Lords

Surely on an informal basis it does exist. We know that there is a breed of American men who bring everything they touch to ruin, yet continue to rise in the esteem of their fellows and in the preferment of an unaccountably grateful nation. *The American Spectator* says these fellows constitute an American peerage and urges that they be accorded all the rights and privileges of same. This month we salute a man whose skyrocketing career has taken him from the governorship of North Carolina to the presidency of Duke University to the Board of Directors of the Children's TV workshop to a campaign for the presidency. Early on this prescient politico perceived the threat embodied in Jimmy Carter's run for the presidency and without hesitating careened the single-prop airplane of his political career into the fuselage of the Georgian's juggernaut campaign, alas, causing not a dent. Although this effort at political obscurity may now be forgotten, our honoree eagerly persists in his lonely self-appointed cause of consigning himself to oblivion by publishing such notable tomes as *But What About the People?,* and, most recently, *A Danger to Democracy*. For these and many other accomplishments, *The American Spectator* hereby inducts Terry Sanford into the American House of Lords.

The San Francisco Chronicle

Concluding remarks on the life of Robert Byther, patriot and *philosophe,* whose demise came about on December 1, 1981 when he served the commonweal by hauling himself up San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge and *allons y*!:

Byther, who joined the Coast Guard in June, was described by his family as an intense, meticulous idealist. He said in his letter he was jumping "because the guiding ideals of my life will not let me serve Ronald Reagan as president."

He chose December 1 to leap, he said, because it was the start of the Christmas season—a time when he said people think about peace and love. . . .

Byther's family believes he did what he planned to do—leap to his death to call the country's attention to the "real danger" presented by the nation's turn to the right.

"Reagan is a tool of the rich, of the secret power brokers that will have access to the machinery of government as never before, and is supported by many of the most anti-progressive elements of our society," Byther wrote in the neatly typed, mimeographed letter. He also lamented the defeat of several liberals in the U.S. Senate. . . .

Robert and Pat Byther both grew up in Southern California. They met three years ago at a Star Trek convention in Los Angeles, where Robert was wearing a Star Trek-style uniform. They joined a Star Trek club, had Star Trek posters on their walls and read a lot of science fiction. They had talked enough about death for Pat to know how Robert felt about it.

"He thought that when we die here we go on to a second level, a better way of being, where there aren't all the bad things and you're less inhibited," his wife recalled in a telephone interview from her apartment in Newport News, VA. . . .

"I believe he feels he has given his life for his country. In order to get our attention, he killed himself, just as the Buddhist monks did in Vietnam," his father said in a telephone interview from the family's Anaheim home.

[*December 4, 1980*]

The Great Books Series

Standing in the vestibule of this unusual tome, *Women Who Kill,* Miss Ann Jones, explains her purpose and insight to the generations:

And this book is mostly about fear: the fears of men who, even as they shape society, are desperately afraid of women, and so have fashioned a world in which women come and go only in certain rooms; and about the fears of those women who, finding the rooms too narrow and the door still locked, lie in wait or set the place afire.

But are such women a fit subject for serious historical (or herstorical) study? Historians often assume that women have not significantly acted, but have been acted upon. Women are history's great blob of putty. So we have books—accurate and valuable books—on how women have been defrauded and oppressed by capitalism, medicine, psychology, the law, the universities, and our own mothers. Other historians, believing that some women did act, and from enlightened self-interest at that, have given us women in the antislavery movement, in the suffrage movement, in the labor movement: women like the Grimkes, Anthony, Cady Stanton, Goldman, Eastman, Mother Jones, who have said and done great things on behalf of themselves and others. Yet our great women are few. This year more women will kill their children than will be appointed to the judicial bench. More women will kill their husbands than will sit in the halls of Congress. A baby girl born tomorrow stands a chance of growing up to stick a kitchen knife into an assaultive husband; but her chances of becoming President are too slim to be statistically significant. The story of women who kill is the story of women.

[*Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1980*]

The Los Angeles Times

High-grade oratory from the illustrious Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives—presumably after a three-martini lunch:

Red-faced and pounding the table, his voice booming, O'Neill described himself as "one of the big spenders of all time" and proudly listed millions of dollars he said he had added to past budgets to aid research on problems of disease and the handicapped.

He listed $160 million in funds for breast cancer research and $45 million to aid the growth of dwarfs, a research program that made it possible for dwarfs, who normally grow to an average size of 26 inches, to grow as tall as 52 inches.

He pointed out that there are 150,000 dwarfs in the United States and said another 6,000 are born every year.

[*April 8, 1981*]

The Washington Post

Law and order news from the great state of California, birthplace of Modern Presidents:

A leading member of the California Assembly says legislators should move to thwart potential criminals while they're still in the womb and suggests that "gentle" approaches to childbirth could curb violent tendencies from developing.

John Vasconcellos, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, Wednesday released a report that offers an unconventional approach to dealing with this year's No. 1 political issue: crime.

The report says "neurological abnormalities in the infant . . . may result in a subsequent predisposition to violent behavior."

Such damage, it says, can be caused by pregnant woman's lack of good nutrition, ingestion of alcohol and drugs, stress or the use of anesthetics or forceps during delivery.

The report was prepared by the California commission on Crime Control and Violence Prevention, created this

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year by a Vasconcellos bill to pinpoint what makes people violent.

So far, the panel in its quest to find the causes of violence has held hearings on childbirth and bonding between mother and infants and on what effects nutrition might have on violent and aggressive behavior.

Vasconcellos and five panel members held a news conference to release the panel's 1980 report to the legislature, based on two hearings.

The 25-member panel suggested that "gentle" or "natural" approaches to birth could curb tendencies toward violence.

It also said that theories speculating that nutrition can prevent or treat violent or antisocial behavior are "cautiously positive and worthy of attention."

Researchers, it says, have theorized links between low blood sugar and criminal behavior, between food additives and hyperactivity and between junk food and "disturbing personality characteristics."

The panel next week will hold hearings in Sacramento at which a number of experts will discuss relationships between violence and personality.

[*March 20, 1981*]

New York Times Book Review

Colossal summertime lucubrations planned by Ann Beattie, legendary author of *Falling in Place* and paradigmatic *New York Times intellectuelle:*

I'll be writing a screenplay based on a story of mine that appeared in *Ms.* magazine: "Learning to Fall." I will be based in Provo, Utah, at Robert Redford's Sundance Institute for June and July to do this.

I'll be reading poetry by Michael Ryan, Sydney Lea, Jay Parini, Gregory Orr and Louise Gluck. Also "The Gasoline Wars" by Jean Thompson, Joy Williams's forthcoming collection of short stories and anything I can get my hands on by Raymond Carver and Steven Millhauser.

[*May 31, 1981*]

The Nation

Bathroom sociology of unusual sapience from Dr. Manning Marable, professor of Afro-American flapdoodle at Cornell University, and the resident Hinky Dink Kenna of the National Black Independent Political Party:

A major force behind all antiblack restrictions and regulations has always been the irrational yet very real anxiety white males have expressed concerning black sexuality. In *The White Man's Burden,* historian Winthrop Jordan argues that the threat of black slave revolts in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was usually perceived in sexual terms. "The notion existed that black men were particularly virile, promiscuous and lusted after white women. It is apparent that white men projected their own desires onto Negroes: their own passion for black women was not fully acceptable to society or the self and hence not readily admissible." Black women, however, were held to be naturally lascivious and passionate, and thus were fair game for sexual predation. The sexual pathology of whites was enshrined as public policy in laws permitting castration of blacks. In colony after colony, from Quaker Pennsylvania to the Carolinas, castration became a form of legal punishment for a whole set of black male offenses. At the root of this cruel punishment, Jordan contends, was the white man's "racking fear and jealousy" of what black men could do if their relative positions and powers were reversed. Their mastery in the world of economics and politics meant little if the very black man they belittled and abused "performed his nocturnal offices better than the white man. Perhaps, indeed, the white man's woman really wanted the Negro man more than she wanted him."

Here again, Fanon's commentary is critical. "The civilized white man retains an irrational longing for unusual eras of sexual license, of orgiastic scenes, of unpunished rapes, of unrepressed incest. Projecting his own desires onto the Negro," Fanon noted, "the white man behaves 'as if' the Negro really had them." For the racist, the black male represents or symbolizes the fundamental biological fear:

On the genital level, when a white man hates black men, is he not yielding to a feeling of impotence or of sexual inferiority? Since his ideal is an infinite virility, is there not a phenomenon of diminution *in relation* to the Negro, who is viewed as a penis symbol? Is the Negro's superiority real? Everyone *knows* that it is not. But that is not what matters. The prelogical thought of the phobic has decided that such is the case.

[*April 11, 1981*]

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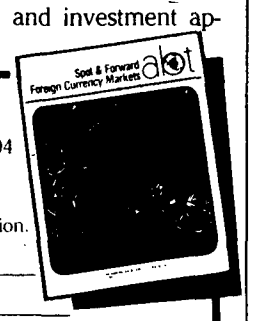

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Teachers Always Right

John Dunlap's review of *Paradigms Lost* (April 1981) was devoted mainly to seconding John Simon's attacks on the National Council of Teachers of English—a favorite pastime of linguistic purists these days.

Dunlap is entitled to his opinions of the Conference on College Composition and Communication's *Student's Right to Their Own Language* (NCTE, 1974); but the particular arguments advanced in the review raise doubts about his literal comprehension skills. For example, he claims that two statements from *SRTOL* ("Dialects are all equally serviceable in logic and metaphor" and "Edited American English allows much less variety than the spoken forms") are contradictory, which they clearly are not. He provides a genuine self-contradiction, though, when acknowledging the *SRTOL* calls for teaching Edited American English while claiming that NCTE "opts gaseously for something like total freedom of written expression in the classroom."

NCTE has never opted, gaseously or otherwise, for anarchy in the teaching of writing. The *SRTOL* stand on instruction in Edited American English—affirmed as an official Council position statement in 1974—is only one of NCTE's numerous actions in support of well-balanced writing programs. It is sadly indicative of Dunlap's powers of observation that his example of "total freedom of written expression" is drawn from a section of *SRTOL* that deals not with writing but with general linguistic competence.

Perhaps Dunlap's real flaws aren't cognitive, but strategic. Most of his errors are thin, sassy extrapolations of the thin, sassy errors found in *Paradigms*. For a different view of Simon, I'd suggest that readers see Jim Quinn's *American Tongue and Cheek* (Pantheon, 1981; pp. 30-38) and my article on John Simon's Doublespeak in the forthcoming (July) issue of *Quarterly Review of Doublespeak*. For a more recent NCTE document on writing, see "Standards for Basic Skills Writing Programs" (NCTE Committee on Writing Standards, 1979).

—Charles Suhor, Deputy Executive Director, National Council of Teachers of English, Urbana, Illinois

Mr. Dunlap replies:

The *SRTOL*, as I tried to show in my review, confuses the issue of the spoken word (about which the document has much to say of interest and value) with the issue of the written word (about which the document bloviates). But as suggested by the timbre and the jargon of Mr. Suhor's energetic response, the motivation for *SRTOL* was fundamentally political, and in politics issues are more typically used than they are explored.

My flaws are legion, but my "real flaws" are neither "cognitive" nor "strategic." And perhaps the single most real of my real flaws is what Daniel P. Moynihan has called a "low crap tolerance"—a flaw which Moynihan acquired in the practice of politics and which I acquired in the teaching of English. Mr. Suhor's response leaves me sanguine about the possibility that some flaws merit cultivation.

Stark Raving

I recently ran across Andy Stark's review of Thomas Sowell's book, *Knowledge and Decisions* (January 1981). A nice job. In fact, Stark's analysis of the various ideological positions in today's political spectrum is so useful that I decided to circulate the piece in a class I teach on the economics of social issues.

—Barry N. Siegel
Professor of Economics
University of Oregon

In the introduction to his article, "The Virtues of Complexity" (June 1981), the widely-read Andy Stark mentions Isaiah Berlin's treatise *The Hedgehog and the Fox* and writes:

> Eastern culture, almost always on a completely different schedule than Western culture, in this rare instance offers us a pertinent exchange between Confucius and one of his many disciples: Confucius, a man vastly underrated in his own time, and greatly overrated in our time, once remarked to a student . . . "You probably think I know many, many things. But you are wrong. I know one big thing."

This is an interesting parallel; but Mr. Stark seems unaware that Berlin did not invent the metaphor of the hedgehog and the fox, but drew it from the heritage of Western literature. The phrase comes from a one-line fragment of a poem by Archilochus, perhaps the first Greek lyric poet (7th century B.C.): "Many things does the fox know, but the

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hedgehog knows one big thing." I can understand Mr. Stark's reluctance to peruse the *New York Review of Books*' Letters column, where this matter was discussed with pedantic passion, but not his seeming preference for Confucius over the Greeks.

—Susan Scheinberg (Kristol)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mr. Stark replies:
Sir Isaiah does attribute his metaphor to Archilochus, and so I was indeed aware that Archilochus was the originator of the "hedgehog and the fox." However, my point was that Berlin divides Western thinkers into hedgehogs and foxes, something Archilochus, standing at the dawn of Western thought, was unable to do.

Ideas and the Novel Reviewer

William H. Nolte's aggressively middlebrow discussion of "ideas and the novel" (February 1981), apropos of Mary McCarthy's book of that title, turns on a set of aesthetic assumptions which would warm the cockles of the ideological watchdogs of the Soviet Union of Writers but unfortunately have little to do with the nature of art. The notion that "ideological content" is crucial to a novel's artistic success and that a great work of literature must swarm with "ideas" is one from which most critics were weaned after the literary pogroms of the thirties. T.S. Eliot's remark that Henry James "had a mind so fine that no idea could violate it," which Professor Nolte blithely dismisses, is a *locus classicus* of modern criticism for a good reason. It appears in an essay in which Eliot makes a useful distinction between writers who bristle with ideas, like George Meredith, but whose mind gives no evidence "that it actually thinks," and those writers who "think with their feelings," whose intellects are not primarily engaged by the plethora of "isms" in the intellectual marketplace but rather grapple with the rich, ambiguous fabric of life as a whole.

Those writers to whom Professor Nolte admiringly refers to as novelists of ideas—Tolstoy, Mann, and Huxley—are not read today because of their "ideas"; they are read because they are great artists. The most tedious stretches of *War and Peace* are Tolstoy's digressions on his pet theory of historical process; the most dated and unreadable works of Huxley and Wells are precisely those which are primarily hobbyhorses for their author's ideas (has Professor Nolte sampled *Mr. Brittling Sees It Through* lately?). Indeed, the twentieth-century British novelist most likely to endure, Evelyn Waugh, is anything but a "novelist of ideas," although a powerful intellect is at work in every sentence he wrote.

One does not quarrel with Professor Nolte's distaste for Henry James; that is partly a matter of temperament. But to say that James's writing is lacking in "mind," that it had no traffic with the social issues, the "ideas," of his time is to miss completely the whole tenor of his work. Has Professor Nolte read *The Bostonians*? And the assertion that James's influence on later writers has been slight is palpable nonsense: Eliot, Conrad, Fitzgerald, and Hemingway avowed their debt to James; among contemporaries, his influence on Updike, Salinger, and V.S. Naipaul is obvious.

Why doesn't Professor Nolte occasionally allow some ambiguity, some appreciation of the richness and complexity of great literature, violate *his* mind?

—George Simm Johnston, III
New York, New York

Mr. Nolte replies:
Suffice it to say that I am by no means entirely in disagreement with Mr. Johnston's censures, since I agree

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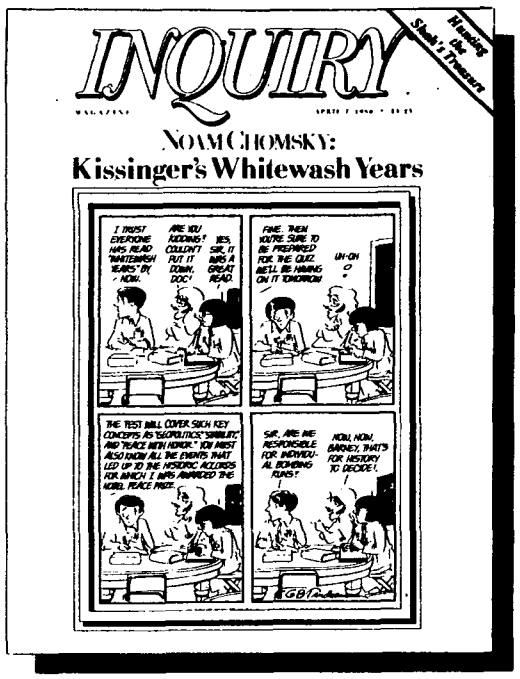

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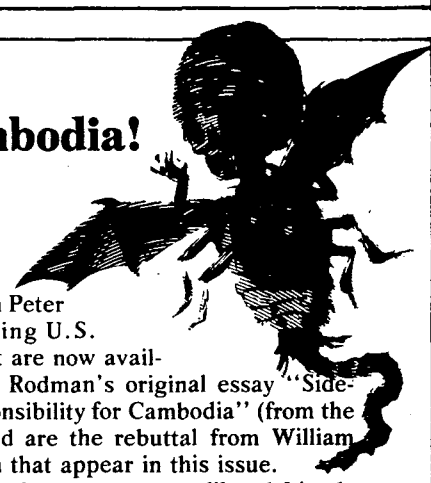

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with the view that literature is something entirely different from ideology or the mere essaying of ideas. The problem is that Mr. Johnston has completely misread my review which was not intended to promote the novel of ideas but was rather intended to say that ideas might well be found in much great fiction. Nor am I totally anti-James. But I do stand by my remark that James's fiction is so far removed from the world in which we live that one reads it only when the desire to escape has one by the scruff of the neck. Let Mr. Johnston read my review again and he will see that he has interpolated entirely too much in his letter. Needless to say, I knew my review would cause Jamesians to lose sleep and sweat ink.

Who's the Renegade?

I enjoyed Mark Lilla's review of Studs Terkel's *American Dreams: Lost and Found* (May 1981), but my faith in him as a reviewer was undercut by his reference to Ed Sadlowski as, "the renegade Chicago union leader who unsuccessfully tried to unseat the corrupt leadership of the United Steel Workers . . ."

Sadlowski was indeed unsuccessful in his run for the presidency of the union, but there is no evidence that the leadership of the Steel Workers is corrupt. And what about that "renegade"? Sadlowski was on the union payroll when he ran for the top office and he is still on the payroll. The description somehow doesn't fit.

—Thomas R. Brooks
Brooklyn, New York

Friendly Betrayals

I noted in the April 1981 issue of *The American Spectator* that two of the contributors, in two separate articles, invoked E.M. Forster's dictum that betraying one's country is preferable to betraying one's friend. In his fine piece, Paul Seabury quotes Victor Navasky as saying that most Americans "in the abstract" would agree with Forster. Arnold Beichman in "Gentlemanly Spooks" uses the quotation to signal his astonishment at Cord Meyer's apparently deliberate omission of what Beichman sees as a crucial episode in the history of the Agency.

Both writers pass by or use the quotation without real reference to what it was Forster was saying. Before we allow the *Spectator's* readers to pigeonhole Forster as a fellow-traveling commie turncoat we ought to examine his writing a bit more closely.

The quotation is taken from a piece Forster wrote in 1939. It bears quoting more extensively:

> Personal relations are despised today. They are regarded as *bourgeois* luxuries, as products of a time of fair weather which has now passed, and we are now urged to get rid of them, and to dedicate ourselves to some movement or cause instead. I hate the idea of dying for a cause, and if I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country.

Forster's sarcastic use of the word *bourgeois* suggests strongly that the "movement or cause" to which he is so disparagingly referring is Communism itself. Further on in this remarkable essay, Forster heartily gives "two cheers" to British life—"two cheers for democracy: one because it admits variety and two because it permits criticism."

It is tempting to use the sentence that achieved notoriety to support a variety of viewpoints, but it does Forster's memory a great disservice. To claim that he believed treason to be an acceptable means of preserving a personal relationship is to take the man fatally out of context. He was deploring the fact that trendy British Communists insisted that one abandon all inconvenient personal relationships for the sake of "the cause."

In fact, it is possible to infer that the "country" to which Forster was referring was none other than the Soviet Union itself. As Forster undoubtedly knew, many British Communists, among them the infamous trio of Philby, Burgess, and Maclean, truly believed that Russia, not Britain, was their "real" country. Therefore, Forster is addressing himself to precisely these people and is offering his opinion on what he would do if he were in their shoes. He is hoping that, in the final analysis, they will not betray their many friends in Britain for the sake of "the movement or cause" espoused by their "real" country. Of course, that is exactly what they did.

—John A. Barnes
Brooklyn, New York

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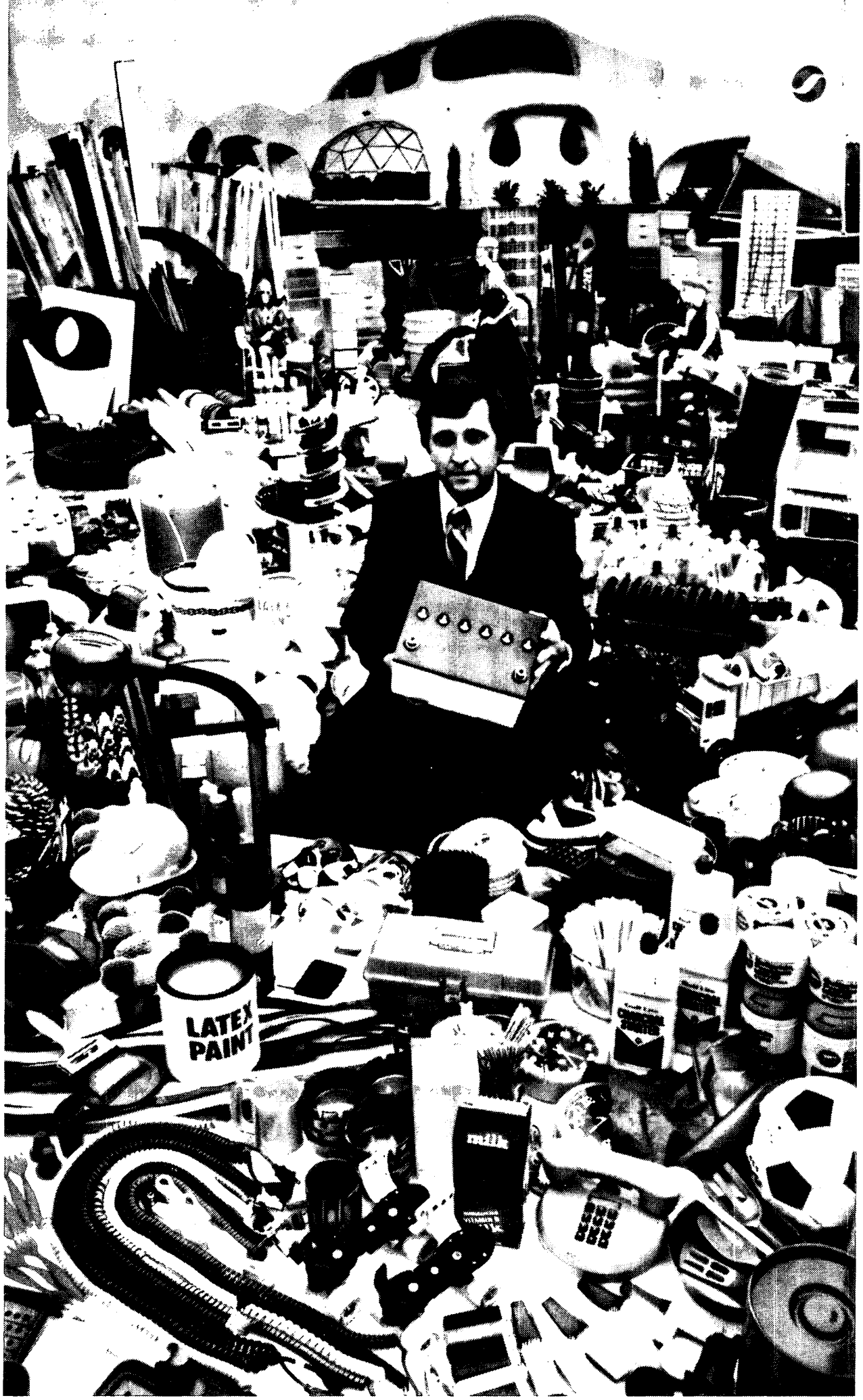

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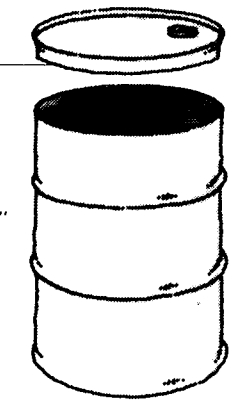

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